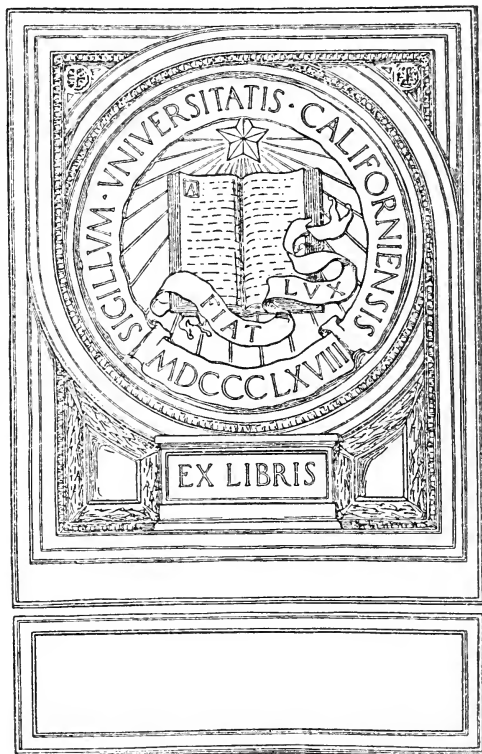


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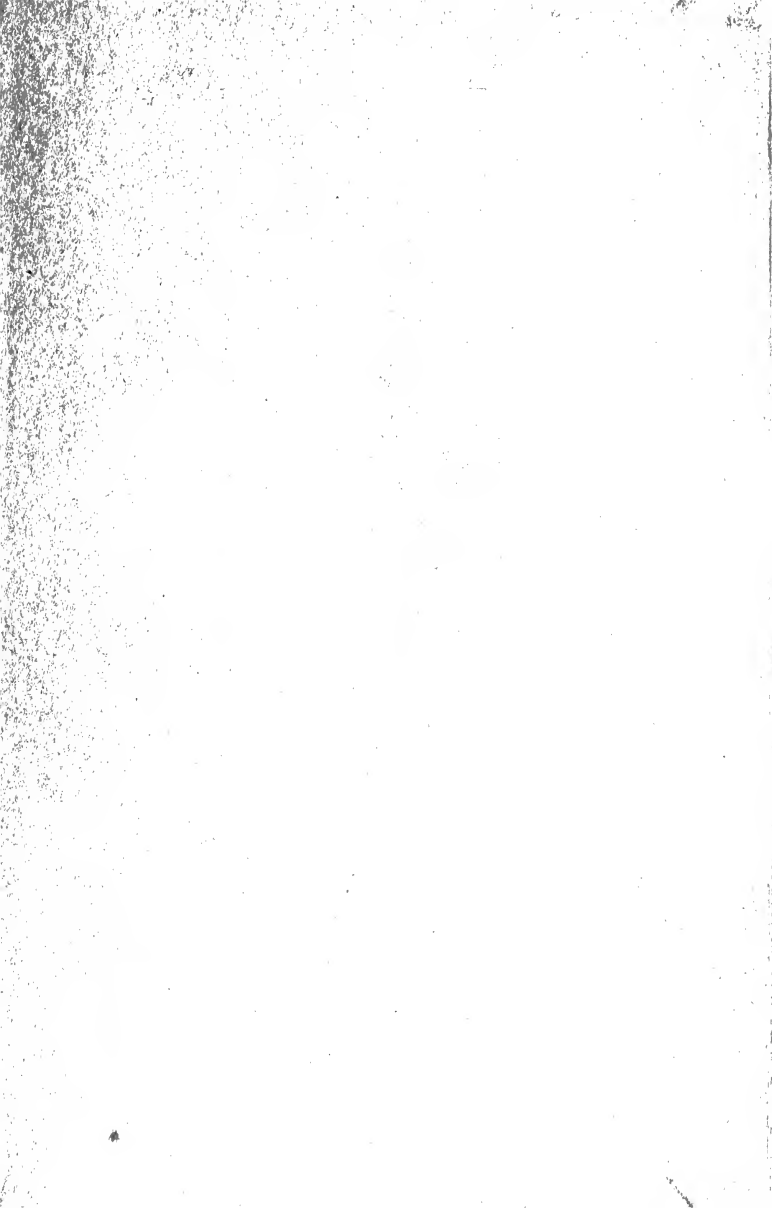


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THE
CENTURY,
And Three Poems.
DISOBEDIENCE CURSED

AND OTHER
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



Together with a Brief Biography of the Author,

JOHN LAMBIE,

OAKLAND - - CALIFORNIA.

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INDEX.

Introductory—Preface—Remarks.	PAGES
Our Century.....	9 to 29
Our Nation's Flag.....	31 32
Disobedience Cursed: with Preface and Remarks.....	33 54
Montezuma Slough's Spotted Bob	55 56
Spotted, as Drunk	56 57
Spotted Bob as a Curio.....	58 59
Solano's Simoon.....	60 62
George Washington.....	63 64
The Birds' Message.....	64 66
The Lincoln Star.....	67 68
Robert Burns.....	68 69
California's Paradise.....	70 72
May Rise from Rubbish.....	72 73
Discontentment Man's Normal Condition	74 76
Life's Ebbing Tide.....	77 78
Life and Hope.....	78
To My Sisters in Scotland.....	79 80
A Widow's Tears.....	81 82
Loved Ones are Waiting for Me.....	82 83
Ode to Friendship.....	83 84
Farewell to Dr. M. S. McMahan, Senior Warden F. & A. M.	85 86
Columbus	86 87
Mary in Heaven.....	88 89
A Poor Orphan's Funeral.....	89
The Sunbeams.....	90
Ode to the Spring.....	91
Good Templars' Saturday Night.....	92
Fred Warner's New Year.....	93 94
The Mirage of Life.....	95
Murphy's Gospel Temperance.....	96
My Ideal Angel.....	97 98
Is There No Balm for the Soul.....	98 99
Lovely Nell.....	100
Illustrious Spurgeon Deceased.....	101 102
Nellie I Spark'd on the Green.....	102
Why Should Not the Spirit of Mortals be Proud.....	103 105
An Appeal to the Stillworm.....	105 107
Watching an Old Year out and New in.....	107 109
Tucson—San Augustine—Grand Fiesta.....	109 111
Epistle to J. B.	112 113
A Visit to Modern Eden.....	113 116





INTRODUCTORY.

Thinking it not amiss, I here briefly, acquaint the reader with my life and circumstances, the better to enable him or them from their own point of reason what they might best expect. I was born in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland, on the twenty-fifth day of May, in 1829. My father died in February, 1832; and being a tradesman, left no means for my support; only the industry of a good old mother, and what schooling I received, was previous to the latter part of my eighth year, being then put to work, and figuratively speaking, my nose has been on the grindstone ever since. I came to the United States in 1849; lived in Connecticut one year, and thence out west, and for forty-three years have not seen a relative, chum, or living soul that I ever knew in my boyhood; and with feelings of gratefulness, not for that but for this great and glorious country that adopted me, and those who have made it what it is, I thought I would like to say something in their praise, hence the CENTURY; and desirous to give Spotted Bob and Solano's Simoon a benefit, who, in my absence,

robbed my family out of nine hundred and fifty dollars in cash and nine hundred more in property--statements that are God's truths--are the three circumstances that prompted the execution of this little work.

Being penniless bred and penniless born,
I've struggled for life, just holding my own,--
Nothing to lose, independent's a lord,
Ne'er cross the river till I'm at the ford,
Nor bid deils good morning till they appear.
Most of all troubles are borrow'd from care,
Multiplied freely from things are ahead,
Or mishaps ne'er known to trouble my head ;
Smiling on fate in the grasp of the knave,
Help to the rescue would come as we gave
From what we had scattered, good and the bad,
Mixing with others what comforts we had ;
Ne'er envied the miser's illgotten store,
Itching with gold greed and scratching for more,
Like vanity wrap'd in self and alone,—
Real pleasures of life they neither have known.
Give me the chum who with kindness defends
All of his fellows, but leans to his friends,
Closely with help in their trouble or pain,
With the spices of life harmonious reign,
That's free from the fountain never runs low,
Full flowing measure unto us bestow ,
Receiving and giving's joy of my pride,

Indulging and likewise love to be led,
By kind words of cheer that often hath bless'd,
When threat'nd with ruin sorely oppress'd,
'Mongst crosses and losses, cowards and knaves,
Perfection was lost e'er that, there were graves,
Waring and planing our neighbors to fleece,
And will till millennium dawneth in peace,
When harpers of heaven's melodious strains,
Fill earth with their echoes welcome that brings
Us facing our God, who sits on His throne,
Forgiving and blessing, penitents come
Receiveth the crown, adoreth the fair,
In mercy, not justice, I hope to be there.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

'Tis love that finds a calm repose,
Within the bosom heaves,
A glowing warmth that rippling flows,
Life none but them receives,
The oil of joy as free bestows
To needy silent breathes.

The secret's borne with tender care,
No tongues can e'er express
The troubled soul its soothings share,
In patient tenderness,
With charity doth long forbear,
Imparts God's loveliness,

To generous this pleasant charms,
Affection never chills.—
Reveres the strong and weak from harm,
Protects with courage fills,
The humane waits, the voice says come—
'Tis you the Master calls.

Finds a genial, fond embrace,
In ev'ry sphere and form,
Hovels o'er in the palaces,—
'The cherish'd smile of home,
Infinite as its source we trace—
The angels leading on,

Merit that's borne from ev'ry land,
Beyond time's measur'd years,
The pure who lends a helping hand,
'This living virtue bears,
The light that lighteth all mankind,
Our country mutual shares.

REMARKS :

Love is the germ of our government. 2. Practical lessons. 3. The seeds sown and wonders derived. 4. Patriots' blood a purifier. 5. The magnanimity of man. 6. Peculiar ties that bind the free. 7. The absurdity of one man usurping power over another. 8. Usurpers worth watching. 9. The rain drops blessed. 10. Prudence a safeguard. 11. Mother earth as a provider. 12. Eulogy to the pioneers and philanthropists of the Pacific, and Carnegie of the Atlantic States, and lastly the new star.







Our Century.

HHE bless'd and blessors hope relies,
On love for peaceful enterprise ;
The silent guardian doth convey,
In theory ne'er leads astray.
Borne in the paths of happiness
Which none but virtuous possess.

The fearless courage braves life's storms,
Bears the message of all reforms
That elevate but ne'er destroys
The genial ties of social joys,
Unites these sympathies arouse,
The impulse which our souls espouse.
The promises mankind's assured
Analyzed from the light of God ;
Within these homes supremely reigns,
The secret which our course sustains,
The mutual principles shall stand,
Eternal as their truths defend.
The inspiration breathed in sires,
That life unfurled the stripes and stars.
A humane banner, world renowned,
United stars that glories crowned
With honors which reward the just,

That's faithful to their inborn trust.
From infancy who now appears
The giant of one hundred years,
Who leads the vanguard of the free,
Has reverence paid o'er ev'ry sea.
Where'er they float truths are instilled,
Which by experience hath revealed,
That merit in an honest cause,
Will find reward from nature's laws.
Love soothes the soul who hath respect
For virtue, which finds like effect,
In matter or in mental force—
The general rule doth like produce;
Imperfect walls built on a stream,
To pressure gives, explains the theme,
Whereby effect from cause destroys,
That harmony doth render joys,
Flows from the fount—protects its own,
With prudence in those pathways sown ;
Imparting life that holds the sway,
Those living thoughts which doth convey,
The equal balance holds mankind,
Pure as the gold from dross refined,
Triumphant leaves behind the curse,
Long govern'd earth by brutal force,
Regardless of humane device,
Within the grasp of avarice.
Those victims of an easy prey,
From usage bound by tyranny.
Hard lessons taught beneath this rule,
Who profits nought must be a fool ;

Or like an ass beneath their load,
Men in the image of their God,
Compulsive drove when can't be led.
There generates the blush of shame,
And leaves the man with but a name,—
Protection craves from those who curse—
Their natural rights receive like force,
Till justice regulates their state.
'Neath yokes that bind, although a fit,
Give manhood strength where weakness lies,
And bring to light their wond'ring eyes,
Sees blessings spring from common sense,
When brought to bear on men's defense.
The antidote accepts with zeal,
That cures the cause and strength'ns the will,
Developes reason, rule appears
A joy, pregnates the atmosphere,
Where they forsake their wretchedness.
Same application others bless
In private, or collective, finds
Results in love from prudent minds,—
Controls the pow'rs of moral force,
As matter follows in the course.
Consistent with these themes that bring ,
Rewards which unto virtue clings,
From seeds been sown supports the free,
Doth flourish as the green bay tree.
The hand first caught the depth of sound,
Along these shores Columbus found.
That little germ doth circumvent
The glory of our continent :

Adorned with beauty, healthy, strong,
This native plant moves right along.
In harmony our strength derives
The life by which our country thrives,
Breath'd breath in freemen with their birth,
Conceived in Heaven to govern earth.
The summit of men's hopes designed,
Within our daily walks we find ;
God's count'nance smiles upon our clime,
With show'rs of pleasures falls with time,
Imparting joy within the cores,
To us this Paradise restores,—
Conformed the will to His command,
Lawgivers blessed our fruitful land.
Who drinks the freshening rippling rills,
Nourish the vines each valley fills
With sustenance in seasons rise,
Those comforts virtuous satisfies ;
Whose gratitude doth bow the knee
To Him, the guardian of the free,
Protects our weal within those homes.
From industry by labor comes,
Seen in the mountain's side unfold
To brawny miners, wealth untold,
Proceeds that's born with science greets
The prudent which congratulates,
Genius from slavish toil oppress'd,
United hath our country bless'd,
With products of these bount'ous yields,
Now covers seas with whiten'd sails,
Borne onward by that pow'r creates,

By steadfast faith man regulates ;
With dignity and manly pride,
Unfalt'ring leads where honors guide,
In intercourse with ev'ry land
In barter, sale, or what we lend,
As heirs of sires who led the van,
Exemplified the rights of man.
From sire to son progression's wings,
Conveys this source of joy that brings
Contentment on our genial shores,
The cherished boon that love adores ;
Warmly rippling through the veins,
Supports the cause our standard claims.
No haughty lordling's vaunting pride,
Of Adam's heirs shall e'er preside.
Who measures right by force of arms,
Poison of Eden's serpent charms,
Leads on vainglorious, boasts of pow'r,
Until the heavens their vengeance low'r.
Destructive wars their hatred yield
Carnage that strews the battle-field,
With cause and cure that purifies
Assaulter, and defiant lies
Both mingling in one common cause,—
Victims of passions, broken laws,
By sacrifice found due reward.
Obedience bought with patriots' blood,
Mold'ring 'neath each little mound,—
A mem'ry God of Battles crown'd
With glory, wafts on ev'ry breeze,
Fans the grateful bosoms, heaves

A rev'rent throb, reveres the dust.
Oppression to oblivion cast,
This cause whose sacred lives sustain'd,
With honors which this world's attain'd ;
The strug'ling victory achieved,—
The light has dawn'd, the bondsmen freed,
Gazed on the smoke of battles rise,
Revealed to men God's mysteries,
There conquered and conqueror stand,
Embrace each other, hand in hand.
Man's magnitude 'neath Heav'n's light burn'd,
The vanquish'd hero's sword return'd.
By noble acts what heart express'd,
The wounded foe the victor bless'd,
Unites their glory in one cause,
To live and die by nature's laws,
Burying deep the broad battle axe,
To rise no more, Appotomax
Witnessed this spirit, humanely flows,—
The Goddess bless'd 'neath war clouds rose,
Unveiled these soul-inspiring scenes,
For millions rose from 'neath their chains,
Free as the God who gave them birth,
As self-dependents on the earth,
Emerged from darkness into light,
Behold their freedom—sacred right,—
Smiles on those bands whose teachings scorn,
So long necessity had worn,
From jungles bound by light extends,
Slavery's tutors proved their friends,
Pruned well the wills obedience taught,

Plows free to all oft dearly bought
Along the plane allotted man,
In God's own fixed eternal plan.
This loving Father holds the prize,
For what is bless'd, which lives or dies ;
As truth itself from virtue springs,
And hope to those fruition brings.
Who bear these laurels justifies
Rewards from schemes which men devise,
Prompts the achievements of the brave,—
Defends the homes their birthrights gave,—
Examples since the world began,
Has found response in hearts of man.
Whose precepts fill the roll of fame's
Bright lustre bear these cherished names,
Of friends and foes whose deeds impart
The impulse which forgiveness taught
Peculiar ties that bind the free,
Together act, though disagree ;
E'en colored dames, with gratitude,
Thank God each has the whitest blood.
A theme protects, as well defends
Uncouth, and also polish lends,
To manly pride that dignifies,
With self respect reliant rise
Toward the bonds of brotherhood :
As one unites for common good,
In different spheres as each are led,
Divines and wits are thoroughbred,
Whose int'rests by a special care,
A genuine, mutual welfare share

The panorama freemen fill,
Obedient to their sovereign will.
Mechanics and laborers subsist,
Philosopher and philanthropist,
Muscle and ingenious minds
United blesseth paths, who finds
The stores revealed from nature, flows
To men, free as the wind that blows.
Teach lessons springeth from these laws,
Who reasons from effect to cause ;
Applied in that congenial way,
Produce results by which each weigh
The contrasts who conclusions find,
What's harmonious to their mind,—
That moves mankind in what unveils
The beauty God to them reveals,
Within their own breast's happiness,
In works which doth collective bless ;
My labor benefits your home,
Your science digs from depths that come,
Those interests which uniteth man
By magic's touch creations spun,
That's borne by universal love,
This message of the spotless dove.
From east to west on lightning's wings,
From west to east the echo brings
Joy from these homes have found release,
Borne by these harbingers of peace,
Where all men breathe same atmosphere—
Same source of life all living share,
Pregnates the winds with joys that's given.

Free on the earth as 'tis in Heaven.
Who drink at those same sparkling springs,
Inha'es same joys their comfort brings?
Same rainbow 'round the earth entwines,
Same faith unto the promise clings,
Same beacon light still burns ahead,
Successful voyagers courses guide
O'er storms of life where break rs rise
Are warnings unto them survive.
The dark ness of Pope governed homes,
Whose priestcraft wrecks to westward roams,
In hopes where rich possessions ie.
On pastures new their flocks revive,
Dogmatic rites and worn out rules
Conceived by knaves to govern fools,
'Neath powers assumed support their themes,
Must vanish 'neath those radient beams,
Draws gasses of malaria rise,
Whose poisons with the vapor flies :
Separates vigor men possess,
Condolence outlived usefulness,
Reality's the boon we ask,
Creation's fitted for the task,
Whose grandeur which our eyes behold,
The mind by reason doth unfold ;
To fellows are possessed with thought,
Usurpers' schemes their dogmas taught,
Pressed by the sword these prayers borne,
Petitioning God, His reign might come,
On earth to men whose dawn appears ;
The answer shocks their ritual prayers,

Who struggling wane 'neath light of schools
Foundation our Republic builds,
The bulwark of a righteous theme,
Acknowledge God alone supreme,
Allwise guardian who doth control
That manhood elevates the soul
Above these levels which deceive
Their victims, His forgiveness gives,
Shrinks 'neath deception's curse, a cause.
Where men are governed by these laws
That spring from nature in this land,
To whose Creator mankind bend
In reverence due to His decree,
Imparts our light by land and sea,
The honors of that flag sustained,
By sires was raised as freemen reigned,
Whose glory conquered tyrants' will,
As heat expands the hardest steel
Minds by this impulse thus impressed.
'Tis them whose actions truly blessed
In joys of mutual happiness.
Unfettered rights this land possess,
Those names whose precepts regulates
Our government, as sovereign States ;
Principles manhood dignifies,—
A course usurpers' power despise.
The galling yoke our instinct scorns,
Submissive borne 'neath Popes and thrones,
Smoothed by the oily tongue's deceit,
Or brutal tyranny complete,
Might self secure, hold keys of hell ;

Both fatten on their victims' toil.
Things of chance hereditary,
Are lost in their own category ;
Placed upon the unerring scales,
Where Godlike man on soil prevails,
Applies these rules that keenly scan,
The worth is rendered due to man.
In spheres this rule to them impart,
Truth never will their cause desert,
Who are as one by nature born,
Pure as the radiance of that sun,
Scatters the fragrance earth receives,
That's borne upon the morning breeze,
Flows free to all,—that e'en the blind,—
From this same law doth pleasures find.
In ripened age or youthful prime,
Sustains these joys that spring with time,
Borne on its wings with joy to hearts
Of husbandmen or those in arts.
The secrets which their comforts yield,
Experimental works revealed.
Statesmen with prudence scan their cause,
Relieve oppressed with humane laws,
Relieved with gratefulness who leans
Toward their benefactor's themes,
By which united effort brings
The mutual interests of man,
From sea to sea whose bound'ries span,
Where blooming fields rich fruits convey
Good health, and wealth and harmony,
Pleasures of friendship warms our cores

With genial wit and well filled stores.
Enjoying these let's re son well.
While fortune's peaceful omens smile,
Alike on all in their pursuits,
As weeds 'mong flow'rs who spring from roots,
Untilled but yet are healthy, strong,
From moisture to the plants belong,
The just may suffer 'neath a wrong,
Whose credulence easy still remains,
While bigots' zeal persistent reigns,
Fanned by ignorance, dormant state,
Till reason bursts the bands of fate,
With manly themes that prudence guides
In cherished homes where free presides
Who zealous watcheth power creates.
Discordant germs pregnate the states,
With lurkings of the soul's desires ;
Rekindles easy these old fires,
What policy hath laid at rest,
'That's fann'd still gently in the breast.
These loyal sparks consult the church,
Their country's duties are to such,
That proves the proverb proven true,
Says serve one master, never two ;
Beware of those who boast they can,
Improve on works of Solomon.
" 'The wisest man this world e'er saw,' " *
And author of the mystic law.
Applied to men the working tools,
To square their acts by virtue's rules ;

* Burns.

Governs our country's busy hive,
No tolerated drones e'er thrive,
In sloth where energy selects
These prudent servants who protects
Our weal ; to them due rev'rence pay,
Who practice precepts as the pray ;
Virtues that's nourished by the wise.
In peaceful joys that harmonize.
Mankind whose beauties all appear,
Who serves and sees them as they are.
Those live in wild romantic scenes,
With nature as their cherished themes ;
'Mongst mountain grandeur's quiet retreats,
An inward joy each day repeats.
That genial warmth their bosom fills,
While they review these rippling rills
Winding amongst the scraggy ferns,
The verdure of these rugged glens,
Supports the game their life sustains,
Contented there in these domains.
Who views the city life with dread,
And looks upon their own with pride,
While city marts in arts of trade,
Some comforts find in ev'ry grade.
The anvil or the spinning reel,
Or those whose hands applies with zeal
In merchandise, their fabrics worn
With comforts or mankind adorn.
While sailors glory floats the main,
And landsmen run the lightning train,
Ingenious schemes that man designs,

Gives vim to progress of the times,
Whose stays rest on these farmers turn
Their furrows up to summer's sun.
Whose rain and sunshine doth prepare
The soil's rich laden burdens bear,
To mankind joyous who bestows
These blessings, fill our bount'ous stores,
The theme of love's on ev'ry breeze,
Those wants to all so freely gives
From dewdrops to the rippling burn,
Whence multiplied to rivers turn ;
Their channels wind into the sea
Whose raging billowy majesty
Of flooding grandeur heav'nward rise,
In ebbing calmness lamblike lies,
On bound'ries of the ceaseless tide,
The fertile land from seas divide,
Still mutu'l int'rest each doth share,
With nature's law love is borne there.
By intercourse which seas sustain,
With earth produceth golden grain,
Provides the means of compromise,
With sust'nance motive powers arise,
Gives vigor which propels the will
Of genius, who their works reveal
By merit, what our hearts desired.
Ofttimes rewards unsatisfied,
In schemes whose greatest skill would look,
Fell short of what they undertook.
Failure, of course, was not in will,
But lack of foresight to fulfill.

The products spring from prudent brains,
 Their efforts harmony sustains ;
 The dilatory wait too long,
 Or short, material measured wrong,
 Or fancy might have multiplied,
 Till self conceit was satisfied.
 Wit never floats on wings of chance ;
 'Tis polished, good, sound, common sense.
 Those self-important mortals boast,
 Who always know results and cost ;
 Who lay their plans for wond'rous schemes,
 Oft wrecks return from fancy's dreams,
 While nature kindly counteracts
 By furnishing the antidotes ;
 With cures that's found for every cause,
 To rectify the curse bestows,
 Governs the earth and mighty seas
 In harmony which both receives.
 The various channels each are borne,
 On same infinite axis turn.
 Who holds the grasp of destiny,
 Time fitteth for eternity ?
 To-day our future schemes are laid,
 To-morrow's in the balance weighed.
 Results do follow in their turn,
 With merit elevates the man.
 Who are supported by their pride,
 But kills where vanity's applied ?
 Collapse as doth air bubbles burst,
 Proceeds of earth hath nothing lost ;
 But man's relief from cause who mourns,

Corruption rectifies returns.
To earth while virt'ous thoughts still live,
In beauty as the light doth give
Blessings that's blessed each honor'd name,
Soars on the wings of living fame ;
Through generations worthy sires,
Memories kindle brilliant fires,
Whose beacons burn from talents seen,
In this fair land that lays between,
That heaven's reached by manly test,
In this God's vineyard worketh best.
Where poor's content have nothing lost,—
What more have those who riches boast ?
But duty addeth to their call,
To fill both measures brimming full,
Till needful wants man satisfies,
With stores from mother earth's supplies.
The nature of her right'ous theme,
To bless mankind hath taught supreme,
That recompense is rendered due,
To those who an honest course pursue.
As seen in works our country bless.
From efforts cleared the wilderness,
Where nought but Indian savage trod,
Unveiled the beauties of our God ;
Imparts in man that cherished right,
Within the breast that's borne by light ;
Inspired the breath, gave freemen birth,
Revealing treasures of the earth.
Germs spring from truth that propagates,
Manhood governs these sovereign states,

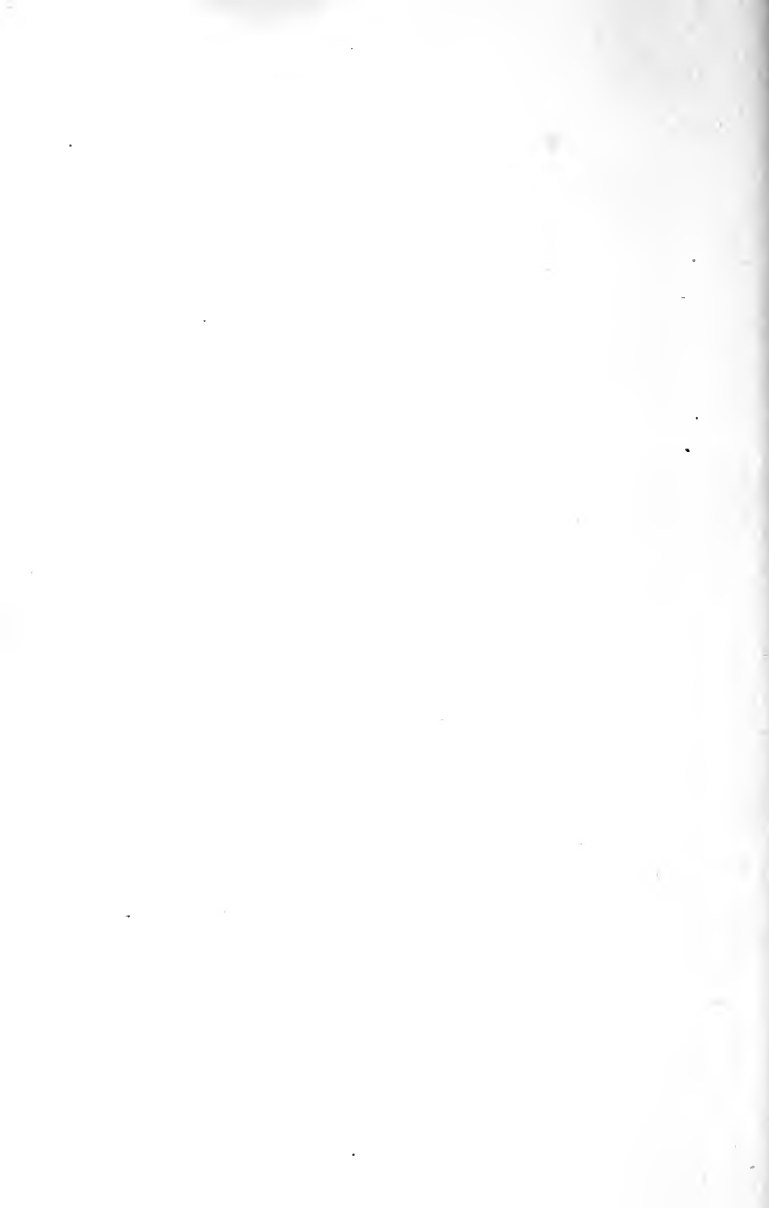
Where millions find from faithfulness
In happy homes collective bless,
Our nation's welfare mutual share
Those blessings, which their virtues bear,
With nothing more or nothing less,
Rewards that God hath promised bless.
Nourish'd beneath His loving hand,
Obedient unto law's command.
Whose glory's westward first began.
With minds of genius now both span
The continent, their joy extends,
United interest effort lends,
To enterprise by those are borne;
In duty's paths, our land adorn,
Sustains the fires of manly pride
In homes where pioneers preside,
Unites and lays foundations strong,
The glories unto them belong.
Whose genius with their generous acts
As burden bearers, or of arts
The proceeds of their usefulness,
All tend toward men's happiness ;
Leads thoughts to themes what love controls,
Lays nearest unto patriots' souls ;
That source our sanguine hope relies,
Our nation's laws shall faultless rise
Unto perfection ; who receive
What others earn, as freely give
In private life, whate'er is wise.
Same rule to nation's weal applies.
The secret of prosperity

Is in mankind's integrity.
That nothing costs in sire and sage,
The bloom of youth, or ripened age.
'Tis simple truth, whose fruit is known
So beautiful, God calls His own.
Pure as the fount from whence it springs,
Tuition unto its precept brings
Rewards as like its own, begets
Those laws which nature regulates.
In gravity to matter clings,
The welfare of the governed hangs,
Which neither binds or doth oppress
The natural rights that men possess.
What is nature, let prudence ask,
While all within its radiance bask.
It is existence of its own,
Whose origin man's never known ;
'Tis life and light its own repays,
All needful wants to us conveys ;
While reason findeth God, Himself,
Freely scatters health and wealth
Within these homes ; His glory beams,
On prudent love our charge sustains.
Borne along Atlantic's sea,
The eastern bound'ries of the free,
Whose glory with the westward sun
Comprise this land by patriots won,
Proclaimed the sacred rights of man,
In God's own fixed eternal plan,
Supports our honor's dignity.
This guard of human liberty

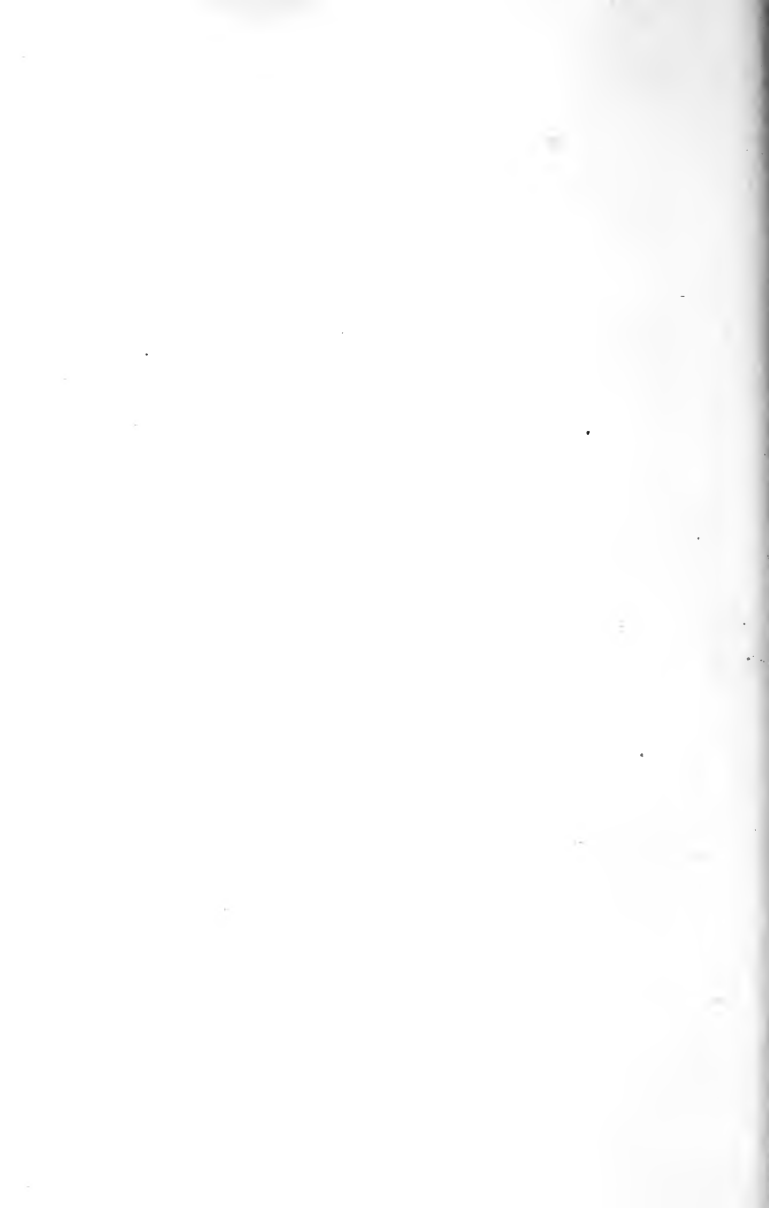
Within the rainbow's arch expand
Circumference of this blessed land,—
Atlantic to Pacific's sea,—
A nation moves in harmony.
The rising sun adorns our east,
The evening landscape's beauty west,
Beneath those scenes of rich bound hues
The promises again renews.
By loving omens 'round those cast,
Protects their sacred given trust.
Who in His folds was hither borne,
Inherits this congenial home ;
Unlocked these treasures which relieves
Men's wants, unbounded measure gives ;
Received with grateful thankfulness,
None but God's noblemen possess ;
Spirits, whose righteous work unfold,
The secret of His laws are told ;
So gently unto these imparts
That love that governs gen'rous hearts.
Like beauty blooms with youthful springs,
Old age their rich rewards do bring ;
From merit what those wills conveyed,
By pioneers whom God portrayed,
Opening up rich stores to man,
One century's blessed those led the van,
Congenial with their souls desires,
Extends His smiles on sons from sires.
Beneath that flag floats o'er the free,
Their beacon leads by land and sea,
Unloos'ning bands of bondage chains

Where'er the tyrant's instinct reigns ;
Their majesty no power assails,
Their light enlightened nations had,
Rend'ring justice wherever due ;
Their honored, onward course pursue.
With hope that fires the faithful breast.
In maiden modesty we boast
Progression on our western coast,
From STANFORD'S gift which LICK'S embrace
With science, Universities ;
Comprehends the natural laws,
That reason from effect to cause.
Those humane gifts, the gen'rous gives,
Find cause for mankind's miseries,
Producing life the spirit feels,
Those sacred truths to them reveals,
That penetrates most highest heights,
And fathometh the lowest depths
Of vice, finds balm that renders cure,
By blessing rich and raising poor,
Toward a haven of compromise,
With light this little world survives
The tyranny of bygone days.
While western states their homage pays,
The east have found from Scotland's braes,
Light's glory springs from Carnegie's.
Sires and grandsires centuries lies,
Whose virtues with their mem'ries rise ;
Mingling with God's own chosen race
Within these homes where justice trace
Their worths, free as the winds bestowed,—

That brings men nearest to their God.
Gifts their generous natures gave,
Eternal as the light shall live,
Progressing with the honor'd names,
When glory's crown'd the world with fame's
Luster, from precepts doth convey
Joys, when all sorrow's passed away.
Those themes I love to prophesy,
Men's freed from sin-bound slavery,—
Accepts the title of that birth,
That breathes good will to all on earth,
In bonds of mutual happiness,
Both private and collective bless,—
Pure from the fount each day that comes,
That beauty which adorns our homes.
In blessings which the heavens disburse,
Borne by those stars along their course,
Unceasing as the ocean's wave,
And steadfast as the God who gave,
Our emblem circling with the sun,
Proclaims the victory is won.
On records marked this noted year,
One century's bless'd and bids good cheer,
With light that leads the milky way—
From Stanford's University,
With science, bears the junior's name,
Rests on the pinnacle of fame,
Where love and truth their course directs,
Omnipotence their cause protects.







Our Nation's Flag.

The stars and stripes proudly floating on the breeze,
Emblem of freemen has braved one hundred years ;
Was raised by those sires who to manhood were true,
Are borne by their sons who their precepts renew.

CHORUS.— Joy haileth that banner
By sea and by land,
Sustaineth their honor
So freely doth find.

Rewards flow from truth to the breeze are unfurled,
The pride of the free and the hope of the world.

From the shores of Atlantic, Columbia's land,
With those of Pacific's in harmony blend.
Sun riseth in beauty, adorns the east coast.
And sets on fair Paradise bounding the west.

CHORUS.—

While warships and merchants are plowing the main,
From ocean to ocean whose glories sustain,
The grateful emotions in veins of the tars,
Who sail 'neath the standard unconquered in wars.

CHORUS.—

The Goddess of love who unveils to our clime,
Those virtues of heaven that's falling on time,
Smiles on us with applause by land and by sea,
Cheers hearts in these homes who are happy and free.

CHORUS.—

While the grandeur of nature on us bestows,
Rich soil bays and rivers with blessings that flows
Free as wind unto all who are true to a cause,
That trusteth in God and who lives by His laws.

CHORUS.— 'Neath that starry banner,
With pride who are true,
To precepts of fathers
Their gloies renew.

With those of the mother breathed love in the breast,
Binds north with the east and the east with the west,
The earth with the heavens from pole unto pole,
Are the life's inspiration, enraptures the soul.

CHORUS.—

PREFACE.

Chaos the omnipotent, adorned,
With man who wafted from embrace
Of light, a perfect being formed
With social ties for mutual bliss,
First rising sun to him conveyed
A law, defiant disobeyed.
Through generations still we trace
Defects of weakness which displays
Rebellious full developed knaves.
Inherent which inglorious fills
Vain, pompous hearts as first begun,
With time imparting instinct yields
Misery across earth's fleeting span
Whereby that death stained shadows fall
On victims comprehends the whole,
Beneath the curse in ruin hurls
This world with envy, shame and crimes,
Hells which from disobedience springs.
Approves the tyrant conqueror rules
Within deceptive channels borne,
Schemes that are laid on pliant tools,
Submissive 'neath the yoke who mourns,
Too proud to beg, won't work, must steal;
Or may, perchance, try fortune's wheel,
Are doomed to fate revolving turns

To win the chance a victim's charmed
To lose, the chance another's damn'd.

Enchanted inwove bands are cleft,
Around them which will surely prove,
Charms of every joy bereft

Or humane ties unites in love.
Falls 'neath the verdict of the knave,
That's lost to shame no heart to save,
Their victims, tauntingly reprove,
When penniless on pity live.
From what the generous givers give.

The wrecks of helpless poor that fall
In vice of this degenerate race,
Are slaves unto the tempter's call,
Robbed them of honest manliness,
Who once the souls of honor's pride,
Their neighbor's wants ne'er once denied,
In unsuspecting confidence,
Who smiled upon the luscious wine,
Bewilder'd them in shame and crime.

Experience, bitter school, hath taught
What youthful fancy dearly learned,
'Neath lurid charms in snares are caught
Then observation first discerned
When on the world are helpless cast,
Reap misery as the simoon's blast,
Destruction in their pathways send.
The ruined wrecks of happy homes,
The curse with disobedience comes.

REMARKS:

1. Man as he is. 2. As he was created. 3. Ingratitude first symptoms of his fallen nature. 4. Envy the seeds of all vice. 5. Avarice the result of its offspring, and rewards of the whole combination. 6. And lastly, two living specimens of the curse, Spotted Bob, and Solano's Simoon, who is a pal of Bob's, and like him, a cowardly, double-swiveled, irredeemable felon.



Disobedience Cursed.

WHERE boastful pride disdains to keep
Creator's edicts, whirlwinds reap
Rewards, since life was breath'd in man,
And war within himself began,
Vainglorious in his boasted pride,
Who spurns the innate light to guide
Along on time's mysterious course.
Infinitude results produce
On which the welfare all depends
On mutual effort, truth defends,
Flows free to all, conveyed by laws
That reasons from effect to cause.
The reck'nor by which matter weighs
On balances, this rule obeys,
Are happy walking in the light
Of truth, first principal of right—
The pride of manhood underlies,
Those structures in God's image rise
Harmonious, borne upon the wing
Of time, whereby their precepts bring,
From single acts collective borne,

Brings joy or pain to every home,
Whene'er the prompter's selfish zeal,
Unmindful of their neighbors' weal,
Bear well their mark this wide world o'er
The curse that disobedience bore.
In bitter strifes hath left the scars,
Of foreign and domestic wars
That alienateth kith and kin,
Cast God's own teachings to the wind ;
What wrangling quarrels learn to hate,
Hypocrisy tries to regulate ;
With guilt pretense an outward cure,
While hatred's raging in the core
Conveys expressions to the eyes,
All's left of man that never lies,
Weakens with guilt discerned in looks.
When tongues will call the heavenly hosts
To witness oaths that are well disguised.
Hath heaven and powers of earth defied,
With language, pains mankind with wounds,
Pois'nous as stings of serpent tongues,
Vibrate through every channel, hurls
Their destiny with sinking worlds,
In their own vice most humbly tells.
Protection hires to watch themselves,
As freewill sovereigns do engage
A guard, a jail, and iron cage,
Unnat'ral as the child that's born,
Whose mother's love denies her own.
Let's reason well, live and be wise,
From scenes transpired in Paradise ;

There from God's trestleboard review
The past, while we our course pursue.
To live and learn a common rule,
Accepted from experience school,
That man is miserable alone,
And social joys, his cherished boon,
For which a partnership conceived,
And for the enterprise bequeathed
A rib, pure, unalloyed, conveyed
Part of himself, by which was made,
A compact true, and twice refined
In happy bliss where he could find
A mate, the weals and woes to share,
'That please his God to thus prepare,
A lord in His own image stood,
With his helpmate thus approved,
Complete, pronounced without a flaw,
Guardian neir of all he saw,
In wisdom Him to represent
Our race in form omnipotent ;
No spies to watch or tongue dictate,
Nor pain to jar this perfect state.
Nor jealousy to intervene
'Twixt them in love's enraptured scene,
'Neath heaven's pure light this pair was bles'ed
With all the comforts earth possessed.
Eve smiled coquetish on her lord,
Responsively his ear was lowered,
Listening to her gentle voice,
In charming tones taste and rejoice,
From lips of pure simplicity.

He tried the fruit and found it good—
Congenial with the palate's taste,
Whose longing appetite's create
In man, unlimited desires.
The secret of her thought admires
This combination in the plan ;
And oft called spice long led the van.
Six thousand years the records tell
With this same seas'ning Adam fell.
As now within the lapse of time,
No change is felt since Anld Lang Syne.
'Tis well preserved, and always lays
In beauty's paths the charm conveys,
From mother's breast the impulse gave,
Till dropped in our reluctant grave.
Successive generations fall,
And ev'ry heart those scenes recall.
Memory that doth baekward turn
To blighted hopes cause man to mourn,
For this same spice within us reigns.
Those boastful powers our life retains.
Can't make a world, can eat the fruit,
In bitterness our acts compute,
From Eden's sacred center rise,
The forfeit of our Paradise.
No happiness since then's been found,
But has its bitter or a wound ;
The curse is in a treach'rous sting,
The cure doth come from virtue's spring.
Since good and evil first began,
The race allotted unto man,

In vice and virtue takes a part
Of sires' and mothers' winning art,
Which cause the strongest will obey,
And leads them on, these paths convey
Those charms doth softly scrutinize
The tender chords which harmonize ;
Mankind's chief happiness is still,
In mutual interests moves their will,
Whereby that motive power propels,
Material furnish heaven or hells,
Zeal addeth unto either case
The curse of hate, or love's embrace,
As weeds spontaneous spring from soil,
Virtues are the rewards of toil.
The happy social germ that's bred
In manhood's paths of honors led,
Surmounts the summit on the wings
Of time, the genuine impulse brings
Rewards, by which the bosom fires
With present joys to futures rise,
On loving themes are heav'nward borne ;
Fruition reaps from seeds been sown
Prolific, blessed wheree'er we go,
What genial seasons doth bestow
Rewards that's borne on every breeze,
Forgiveness loving souls receive,
This balm that elevateth man,
Though low in vice may rise again,
Above the storms and wreck of worlds,
Hails light, omnipotence unfolds
The glories of a happy state,

Without distinction, low or great,
The rich and poor in this grand scene,
Where rivers, lakes, and hills between,
And mountains high above the sea,
All join in one grand harmony.
Spring giving summer what it bore,
While autumn gathers summer's store,
Submits the whole unto the trust,
Of thrift from hoary winter's frost,
All such succeeding blessings trace,
The source of genuine happiness,
Lessons that with our birthright rose,
Now as of yore in Paradise.
What cures will kill, improper used,
Prudence extracts, the cure produced ;
E'en in the vines whose luscious choice,
Richness that cause men's heart rejoice—
Gives strength to weak again revives
Those weary, worn, on God relies,
Receives the gift as He doth bless
The heirs of light this world possess.
Youth, prime, and aged, beneath his care,
A loving hand, sees everywhere
'Mongst flow'ry fields and leafy trees,
That beauty in our bosom heaves
A joy from draughts, the living springs
To us their endless comfort brings,
Sparkling with joy beneath the sun,
'Twixt banks, those winding streamlets run,
From lofty heighths, o'er fertile plains ;
Infinitude their course sustains,

A source beyond the grasp of minds.
Speechless thoughts no limit finds,
The secret with which time began ;
When Eden's beauty dawned on man,
Where ingratitude first unveiled
The low estate that instincts yield,
When he and helpmate him to bless,
His misery adds to her distress.
Unmanliness to beg conceived
His guilty conscience, there relieved
With falsehood, who, as cowards, dare
Betray their fellows' shelters there,
From just contempt of God, as when
Our race from Adam thus began,
This rib was formed in mutual love,
And happiness a thorn may prove.
Well fitted 's matrimonial bliss,
Misfitted, genuine wretchedness.
Bones don't adhere, do generate,
Pain in the flesh must terminate ;
Like wars, where two extremes oppose,
Sland'rous tongues greet kin as foes ;
Adds spite to vice, to vice the keys,
Whereby the secrets mysteries
Unveils to us the cure, and cause
Of mis'ry flows from broken laws,
Where uncurb'd passion boastful reigns
O'er woman tongues adds to the flames,
Ingredients which corrects a fool,
Her lord becomes a pliant tool ;
Revenge supports, the curse sustains

Poisonous venom in the veins,
With smold'ring curses each dictates,
Hatred till ev'ry thought pregnates,
The demon's vengeance multiplies,
Till nothing's left can sympathize.
Pain has become a chronic sore,
When civil courts their cures restore,
With antidotes that heal the breach,
Restoreth peace and lessons teach ;
Smiles on past wars and cools the fire
Of hell, this blessed compromise,
Forgives the past and sets aright,
Each in life's paths again look bright.
Rewards and penalties are paid
From vice and virtue earth's been paved,
As thistles from the seed that springs,
The likeness of their nature brings
Those lessons taught in Eden's school.
'Tis passions renders man a fool ;
The maiden or the virt'ous wife
Whose sex to him's the spice of life.
Where e'er she roams his fancy strays,
Expressions of her eye conveys,
Joys that are borne with jealous care,
In paths his soul's forbearance bear,
A frown disturbs his fevered brow,
A smile again, the cures bestow,
Though conscious where his weakness lies ;
When stumbling, falls, as often rise,
Clings to the rib that's next the core,
Governs the man this wide world o'er,

Those find their own are rendered bliss,
Dovetailed in genuine happiness ;
With mutual throbs of gratitude.
The line from mankind brutes divide,
Adds unto glory or remorse ;
What brutes have gain'd 'tis honors lose,
Unbridled, brutish power of hate,
The lower species imitate.
The instinct of the ox survives
The mate he gored, that helpless lies,
A symbol of a fallen race.
Through disobedience channels trace,
To envy parent—seed of vice—
In secret hid there underlies,
Waiting for youthful, sunny Spring,
Propagates what the seasons bring.
E'er yet beyond their mother's arms,
The little ones adhere to charms,
In rattles, bells, and childish plays ;
First shooting sprouts the seed displays,
Leanings of those desires that yearn
For toys of some more favored brain.
Perchance with age or rank, in fields
Rich laden fruits of manhood yields,
Those beauties which createth joys
That satisfy their longing eyes ;
The look that either brings release,
Or shameful mis'ry's laden vice ;
Spring blooms with foliage, autumn's ripe,
The fruit from choice rewards our life.
I'll modify seeds first are there,

The choice is in the gardner's care,
Who trims and prunes with fond delight,
The little tendrils, 'neath sun's light,
Leads them around the parent vine,
Whose genial warmth their thoughts incline
Upward, until the vine's outgrown,
Whose proceeds to the future's borne.
Wills formed propels a living soul,
By their own works must rise or fall ;
Unconquered envy leads to death.
Who hankers for their neighbor's wealth,
Or wealthy's grasping greed who longs
For happiness to poor belongs.
Those social comforts mankind fills,
With joy, envions poison kills.
E'en friends with socret stealth caress,
And, Judas like, seals with a kiss,
While lurkings of their bosom fires
Them to reach the treach'rous prize.
We see it in the marts of trade,
Its brand's on shelves of ev'ry grade ;
The baker and the grocer's weights,
To live with others, regulates
By customs of the present time,
Commissions, dairymen in crime,
To either rob two ounces each roll,
Or lose two ounces and ease their soul.
While milkmen think it no disgrace,
With pumps and drugs to fill the place
Of cows, the good, old fashioned way,
When milk was make of roots and hay.

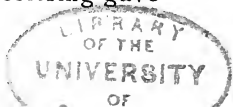
These are but instances, of course,
Whereby we see the blighting curse,
Despised by men—no God to bless—
Whose shadows fall on wretchedness,
And links with neighbors ; oh, how nice—
Ne'er findeth fault nor asketh price.
But when you call to get your pay,
She smiling says : " Some other day."
Another day doth never come,
The bill is scratched from number one,
And laid away back on the shelves ;
Then grocer steals from someone else,
Adds mis'ry unto mis'ry's cares.
This hydro-monster who appears
In Godlike circles, ofttimes sing
That music comfort never bring ;
'Tis be ye warm, and be ye clad,
Whose sickly souls to virtue's dead,
Clings to a shadow with their faith's
Starving prayers, but kindles wrath,
Insulting God by compromise,
To grant what instinct satisfies.
Primp'd modesty so smoothe, serene,
Exposing wounds not yet been seen ;
Rejoicing probe the weakest part
In fellows as their strongest fort.
Of virtue boasts and points with shame,
Thanks God their laurels bear a name :
Above those poor, afflicted mourn,
Who those selfrighteous croakers spurn,
Raising their eyes, ask Him to bless,

Their souls ne'er felt His loveliness ;
Nor genuine pleasures ever known,
Are morbid, wrapt in self alone.
No beauty sees in morning sun,
Nor with the evening's shades return,
Nor sunset of the golden west.
Awakes their cold, ungrateful breast ;
Self-moddled lights whose lives destroy,
The harmony of every joy,
Exists alone on broken laws,
Find choicest feasts on others' flaws,
Revolves their pleasures with their cud,
As oxen in their happy mood,
Well filled, in shades, with full supply.
Hypocrisy shelters envy,
The petted parent seed of vice,
Whose curs'd cap'd offspring, avarice,
Opens the floodgates of distress
O'er all the realms which they possess,
Whose boundaries no eyes can reach ;
Neither philosophy can teach
What instincts greed can gratify,
Or brutal force doth satisfy,
Their vengeance with destruction comes,
With mis'ry filling peaceful homes,
The sacred rights of men destroys,
And tears asunder human ties ;
Boast of their mighty influence,
Regardless truth or common sense.
When measured by the ranks they hold,
Nine times in ten 'tis bought and sold.

Though not direct, but indirect,
As decency claims some respect ;
To offer bribes would be insults,
But bait will bring the same results ;
As sometimes sweet will catch a fly,
A nod will catch the willing eye,
Respects what common practice yields
From customs of the various fields.
What custom's rule will gratify,
Is what your means will justify ;
Perhaps enough to bribe the clerk,
While ye drive home the butcher's stirk ;
The whole necessitates a course—
Additions to the police force—
Then policy from circumstance,
Protection seeks for their defense.
Whose merit's staked sustains the pride,
Defends the laws of those preside ;
The lab'rer's sweat from toil's sustain,
Those shysters who vainglorious reign.
Through jealousy's perpetual broils,
From heated passion that beguiles
The unsuspecting who enlists,
In schemes unheeded, generates,
Knaves to nefarious schemes resort.
Just shave the justice of the court,
Casting all honors to the winds
Of time, where ignorance likewise binds,
As spiders weave their woofy cells—
The snares of treach'ry's record tells.
Men's held till weakness can't resent,

From usage bound becomes content,
'Neath pretense of humanity.
Oppression's their necessity,
To govern those free sovereigns born,
By strategy was from them torn,
A helpless, aimless life survives;
Bread their ambition satisfies.
Within the grasp of tyranny's
Deceptive govern'd dynasties,
To czars' and emperors' subjects lend,
The yokes where the submissive bend,
Like beasts of burden 'neath a load.
Born in the image of their God,
Supports decrees their cause hath damn'd.
As cringing whelps who kiss the hand,
Beneath the curse of avarice yearns,
To add unto illgotten realms
Until they meet a rival foe,
Who calls a halt, no further go.
Then tyrants meet on neutral ground,
Where horrors of the wars are found,
Undaunted death or vict'ry claim
The laurels of a mighty name.
By measured arms results bestow,
Mis'ry doth inconsistent flow;
The death doom'd course injustice finds.
Powers them oppress their cause defends,
Rivets the chains, their manhood crushed.
Together each are mutual curs'd.
In death the victim lifeless lies,
In life the victors live to rise,

From bloody fields defies the light,
Boasts of their powers that might is right.
In darkness led to lowest depths
Of vice, debauchery and thefts.
Who heav'nly hosts and man defies,
By efforts that are doomed, destroys,
His glorious innate light betray'd,
Man who his maker disobey'd.
Wandering still in this same course,
Of precepts propagates remorse,
Following instinct's deadly knells
Unheeds what past experience tells,
To heirs along the current glide,
Where right from wrong our paths divide.
Unmindful of a future state,
With feelings strange from love to hate,
Like drift in eddies circling twines,
Aimless flows and ebbs with time's
Ceaseless river, receding low'rs,
Receives the slum that onward flows,
As subjects to the weather gauge—
No pilots want nor none engage,
Should storms the craft in anger snag,
The crew can either steal or beg,
The latter is the last resort
Which either men or devils court,
And is unpopular with the wise,
Since David's problem men advise,
In all his years yet never knew
One righteous seed this course pursue.
Fanning pride's last coloring gave



To vanity, let's down the knave.
Disgraced, behind the prison walls,
Last shadow of their manhood falls ;
Beneath indulgence, cruel foe,
Now forced to drink the cup of woe.
Distill'd from tongues of gall spake peace,
Delusive charms there sought release,
But found Pope's theme still to be bless'd
In future, which their thoughts embrac'd.
Within their hearts no guile suspects,
Till crime their honest manhood wrecks.
Those never learned decisive, no !
The gate to ruin millions go,
Unguarded from the tempter where
A mother's love or father's prayer,
Or e'en allwise Creator dare,
Till streaming tears the grassy sod
Relieves the broken hearted load,
O'er severed ties in youth that bloomed,
Intemperance marks their sacred mound,
Whose deadly gloom o'er earth is spread,
Mingles the living with the dead.
In mem'rys vivid scenes recall,
Thoughts cause our bosom's throbs to fall
In tears, mourning o'er the earth.
From blighted gems lies chilled in death,
Nip'd by the passions avarice breathes,
The poison curs'd this world that leaves
It drench'd with human guiltless blood,
Whence helpless millions still are led,
That's multiplied by millions more.

Extinguished germs that virtue bore,
With mourning draped the bridal bed
Rejoicing, sacrileged the dead,
Hath suckling babes from mothers torn,
Whose cries for mercy taunt with scorn,
Gave lie to God's own Son from heav'n,
Surrendered life with torture's riv'n.
Inquisitions and the bastille tells
The fiendish passions ruled these hells,
By demon's secret powers sustain,
To-day is circling in the veins.
Borne by the passive sentiments,
Congregate peculiar elements.
Beneath God' loving banner 's seen
The saints and wretch whose brutal theme,
Parental ties asunder torn ;
Within their grasp, age, tott'ring on,
Whose painful wounds of inward grief,
To mother earth, there seeks relief,
From felons are matured in vice.
Their instincts first and cherished choice,
A crown of infamy prefers,
That's worn on heads of perjurers
To cover guilt, calls on their God
To curse a brother whom they've rob'd.
In shame their fallen shadows shrink,
From hell receding on the brink.
To leave behind illgotten gain,
When sinking, grasps, but all in vain.
Their power hath gone ne'er to return,
The earth again receives its own.

Whose buried crimes a refuge finds,
Avarice scattered with the winds
Shelters behind those lost to shame,
Who quietly fan these villains' flame.
As winds and fires together rise,
Until the whole in ruins lies.
No conscience whispers, all is well,
The partnership hath gone to hell.
Without one mark of honor, time
Blushes to place on record crime,
The perjurer's deeds they have done.
Are placed on record 's number one.
The liar's surely their brief,
Found no returns, but fawn'd the thief.
Envious squirms beneath the truth,
While avaricious silent blush
For wishy-washy sycophants,
Who pack'd the whole, get for their thanks.
Borne disobedient to their God,
Disgraced, the earth sinks them and load,
A mingling mess corrupted lies.
If men while here were in disguise.
No virtue lived, none ever rise ;
Charity kneels beside their bier,
Who shrinks to call God's justice there,
And wipes the curse off with a tear.

MONTEZUMA SLOUGH'S SPOTTED BOB.

OAKLAND, Cal , September, 1891.

IN eighteen hundred and eighty he took a note of a neighbor for five hundred dollars, secured by a mortgage on a crop of standing grain, paying two hundred dollars down and keeping three hundred to go toward defraying the expenses of cutting, threshing, and furnishing sacks for 79½ tons of wheat, which was stored in the warehouse for twelve months, during which time the neighbor was in Arizona. Bob sold the grain, settled with the neighbor's wife, giving her an itemized bill of all she had received, carefully taking a receipt in full belonging to the \$300 retained for the purpose, charging her cutting, etc. In 1884 this neighbor was reported a common drunkard; he, Bob, volunteers evidence to help convict, to the effect that this neighbor neglected to provide for his family, and when report and evidence was brought to light, the lie evaporated like a white frost on a May morning. I know these statements to be as true as heat flows from the sun.

This demon dropped in my way at Denverton,
 at which time I drew a pen picture of him in the
 following verses : SPOTTED BOB.

SPOTTED, AS DRUNK.

An advocate of pure reform,
 With spirits in the nesh that's weak,
 By inspiration 'neath his charm,
 No power to either set or speak.
 But hic't and hiccup'd ev'ry throb
 Proved life was still in Spotted Bob.

The leopard spots turned lighter hues
 While racking pains the tub ferments,
 Disgust his soulless cauldron spews
 The hideous load of its contents,—
 Hic, I'll be dam'd, hic, hic't again,
 Bob tried to rise, but all in vain.

With slavers trickling frae his mow,
 Half conscious on his elbow rose ;
 Again the floor from 'neath him flew,
 And claret spurted frae the nose ;
 Blood, pus, and guts there répresent
 Bob's help'ess carcass lies content.

Corruption there its level finds,
 In horrid scenes to us repeat
 The stillworm's pow'r, by which unwinds
 A putrid mess of curs'd deceit ;
 Hic't, and wollowing in hic's vomit,
 Loudly snored hic's hoggish sonnet.

Loud and louder grew the rumpus—
Deils, snakes, and aduers in his dreams
Wound him up within the compass,
There mem'ry's hell pregnates his veins,
Hic't and groaning woke in wonder,
If hic's a man God made a blunder.

In stupor gazed through bloodshot eyes,
Returning to his normal state,
Awakened, then seeks compromise,
When justice, hic, doth regulate.
I blame myself, hic, 'tis too bad,
'The ways of the transgressor's hard.

In penitence pleads, mercy, Lord,
'To villains means, like hic proposes.
Who antidotes reserves for fraud,
Hic, which I need in largest doses,
To heal hic's broken, perjur'd trust,
Of honor's sacred bonds I've burst,

Hide me, O, Lord, from honest faces ;
Who knows my spotted pedigree's
Been hid in clover 'neath your graces,
Those pleasant paths been cursed by me,
Hypocrisy at last is caught
Without disguise a bloated sot.

A conscious-stricken fiend undone,
Has fallen from the favored few,
A perjured, hic-ing, mother's son,
Damn'd here on earth with hell in view,
For dollars greed, drunk, drown'd in vice,
'Three hundred charg'd his neighbor twice.

SPOTTED BOB AS A CURIO.

SATIRE I.

'Thou great Supreme, I thank Thee while I plead
Who marked the coward in the felon's deed,
With serpent spots who surely brands the curse,
And sneaking countenance denotes their course.
To careful watch the deadly missile hurled,
'These fangs who sting from secret poison curled;
Within this monster brute or ourang-outang.
If Darwin's sound from whence the specie sprang,
Thy vengeance, 'tis no justice calls it mine;
But works of mercy true, Lord, I am thine.
Have seen the various traits of beasts and men,
But this eclipseth all of human ken,
From Noah's menagerie of curios,
To Wombwell's, Rice and Barnum's modern
shows,
Where Thou resolve Thy wonders to display,
Give me my wits in my own modest way.
While sportive moods congenial scenes that pass,
In feats of Jumbo to the sullen Ass,
Whose pedigree that smiles upon the dame,
Extracts the grandeur of the horse's name.
Unnat'ral, 'tis but once excepts the rule,
What thou have curs'd produced a worthy mule,
Pray, may I ask the kin of this uncomely freak,
Naught only mules when least expected kick.
To instinct true although are impolite,
'Tis will exemplified by brutal might ;
Where virtue's gone the curses follow comes,

In seedless stags and mules' unmarrowed bones,
The progenies Thy secrets doth unfold,
Are far beyond the reach of bribe with gold ;
But still in duty bound I'll represent
The cause I dread from bites of curs you sent,
Who snarl and bark at heels of passing men.
But wounds those tender feelings feminine,
Whose ties arise from their inwoven joys,
Are sacred, wrapt in welfare of their boys.
As seen in nature who defend their rights,
The she bear for her cubs with courage fights
Unto the death, but bait will soothe the heart,
When bruno's gone this monster doth extract
Dregs of the damn'd their avocation plies,
By stealing forage of paternal ties.
In Thy own folds are one these traits combine,
Dog, monkey, serpent, mule, the mare and
 swine,
In trough one foot, the head with stern to end,
Goes the whole hog, this burlesque on mankind
E'en have been known what causeth brutes to
 shame,
Through modesty, what here I dare na name.
If 'tis Thy will, O, Lord, in mercy lent,
I'll burst this show you have me represent,
As servants true with masters sympathize,
Forgive me once when duties realize
The imposition which my feelings scorn,
To show a rotten mess too mean to burn.
I ask a rest from this unpleasant job,
To kill, or cure those cursed spots on Bob.

SOLANO'S SIMOON.

As light from darkness sep'rates, we behold
Spurious metal from genuine are told,
The diamond's beauty that's surpass'd by none;
E'en modest ruby or the emerald stone's
intrinsic value of what rank they hold.
By jew'lers measures daily bought and sold
To fancy's fickle judge whose taste admires
The gold as standard's balance law requires,
To build a mansion or to pull one down,
To boom a city or to curse a town.
'T will laud a traitor with a gilded name
And whitewash God's unpardon'd heinous crime.
Entangles virtue 'mongst their curs'd sown tares
By felons wrapt in coward's guise appears;
This fork'd tongued Simoon who in ven-
geance flies
Behind the rainbow's arch whence hopes arise,
Who desolates the helpless to defend.
Beneath the shadow of this perjured hand,
That's upward raised who auctions at the block,
A father's remnant of his little flock.
Not money, poets wisely term but trash,
Nor galling tortures of the tyrant's lash.
What rends the core's approved by compromise,
This language that's express'd by willing eyes:
Drop tears of tares press'd from maternal gall,
Insures success to cover bones that fall,
Depress'd by usage of unenvied years.
Gets tangled, chok'd, and sold by auctioneers;

Once, twice, thrice, and gone, highest bidder
gets ;
Regardless honor, strength, or beauty's tests,
Illomen'd, writhes on ev'ry line we trace ;
This Roman nose protects a shameless face,
Conspicuous center of this fiend belied,
Emblems he wears who their cause crucified.
Disguised in treach'ry dreads what justice bear.
Not the shadow but virtues of the square,
Weeps for vice perforates the model saint,
And Holiest of God's most holy taint—
Nostrils of the vulgar, and likewise term'd,
Unpolish'd stones who never yet have learn'd.
Deceit becomes this hoopnosed jackall's paid
To confidants, the victims of his trade,
Assumes the right to steal, buy and sells,
All that is dear to men, truths mirror tells.
Recalling records echo's Lambie's tone,
Hov'ring o'er his wreck, thank God, not his
home,
Points to felonious relics, finds no bound,
Nor precedents e'er known on Holy ground.
To virtue's God whose knees in rev'rence bend,
Produce the traits this Judas cause defend ;
Seal'd with kiss the tricks tuition teach,
But this ungodly beak prevents the reach,
Imparting poison's tainted touch distills,
The essence of itself destruction yields.
The appetites of hogs, whose stomachs turn.
Surveys their treasures, but again return
To work this relish o'er what they have stole—

Gratifies their greed, as this pulseless soul—
If not a hog's, a glorious substitute.
With qualities of this uncomely brute,
The will depraved in vice, with instinct blends,
A combination binds and robs his friends ;
And while I speak as one who's truly bless'd,
May those who fan this leper be impress'd.
Time's a reck'ner, as tides that ebbs and flows,
Within the grasp of Him who only knows.
The length of tether doth indulgence find,
'To damn this wretch and quitclaim all his kind,
Produce results, a curs'd doom'd race expires,
Dispose of fun'erals and cremating fires.
By which that science guarantees a cure,
Ne'er troubles rich, but fattens on the poor ;
Been curs'd, by ashes leave a stain of vice
'That's bred by greedy fiends in seeds of lice,
From fingers' ends the money itch of strife.
Let's cheat the hangman with the doctor's knife
And all the tortures of the auction block,
Whence pliant coverts 'round this monster flock,
Receives approval with a heartless smile,
Chills the earth, and echoes groans from hell,
That's wove in mem'ries others yet may save—
Shuns this vampire dreads an unforgiven grace,
Where lifeless hope's a resurrecting God ;
Will classify his acts with soulless blood,
From which once justice can make no mistake,
And pass the wretch for His own credit's sake.
Recall the name and what most mankind dread,
Disturbs the ashes of e'en this brute when dead.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

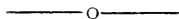
As hopes arise with morning's sun,
Toward perfection bears a name,
Prompts us, and shall those yet unborn
Guide in his counsels, fann'd the flame,
In bosoms to be free, resolved—
His fellows true to duty called ;
Who bravely placed on record's fame
That declaration, manhood's pride ;
To independent victory led.

Themes from his thoughts forever live,
Are bless'd beneath the Goddess' shrine.
In honor raised, those emblems wave
In grandeur o'er our western clime ;
Enervates hearts whereby we trace
The living issues renders bliss,
As heirs of light, whose wills combine
The elements that love sustains,
Eternal as its source shall reign.

Are set in jewels wove in wreaths,
With stars adds luster one by one,
Immortels shone one hundred years,
More beautiful then first begun,
Are pruned and nurtur'd by those laws,
That reason from effect to cause—
Perpetuates the rights of man,

By sons of sires whose spirit lives,
Receives this right as freely gives.

Like rivers centers in the sea ;
Truth struck the blow that crush'd the foes,
Of patriots who proclaim'd a free
Republic on their ruins rose ;
Results that follow inborn trust,
Oppression to oblivion cast,
Let's bow in rev'rence to those
Principles that in freemen burn,
Immortal bears a Washington.



THE BIRDS' MESSAGE.

As seen rising from the trees on Sunday morning around
Father Ackerley's Episcopal Church, corner of Grove
and Eighth streets, Oakland, with Father King's
Catholic Church on the opposite block ; both pastors
aged about four score years.

The dew was sparkling on the flowers,
While sacred tones were heard that calls,
Faithful enjoy those social hours,
When heavenly manna on them falls.
Around the altar centered there,

Where young and old in fervent prayer,
Before their loving Master kneels,
Who blesseth them with love divine
Unites them with the living vine.

The happy birds had kissed their mates,
Who greets the sun on aerial wings,
To choirs of bliss that regulates
Their music as the angel sings ;
Their key notes tuned—now see them come,
A crimson drop on every tongue,
Pluck'd from the Cross to Father King,
Who bless'd his flock, and by the dove
Transmits to Ackerley's same love.

Then joyous hearts glad voices raised
With Ackerley's sweetest anthem,
Unite their efforts—God be praised—
Bears to King's a hearty welcome ,
Partakes the living drops doth find
Those messengers hath brought mankind
Good tidings, that His will is done,
In truth, rituals supercedes,
With love to men and not to creeds.

Birds' panting breasts many bow'rs of green,
Now resting heads hid neath their wing ;
'Twixt pray'rs and songs that intervene—
Listening to choristers who sing
Their choicest known to music's chimes,

But lends enchantment to their themes,
Till encores call'd; whose echoes ring
With angels their obeisance pay
In this God blessed harmony.

'Neath smiles serene the sun well gone,
To westward each their mates have found,
Evening's last song-strained throttle's song,
Their choicest o'er this Holy ground.
God's rich approval all receives,
In bless'd doxologies that breathes
A glory, ripen'd hairs have crown'd,
With youth and pastors' mutual bliss,
No human tongues can e'er express.

I hear, as 'twas high in the trees,
Beneath the light's last glim'ring rays,
And eager look, but nothing sees;
As higher up their voices raise
Within the landscape, Oh, how fair.
Beyond the horizon still hear
Pray'rs come from o'er Pacific's seas.
In Holiest of Holies rise.
Unite with joys in Paradise.

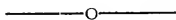
THE LINCOLN STAR.

A humane guide doth kindly live,
From precepts lean'd toward his foes,
Unbiased held—the balance gave
Freedom to millions who arose,
With birthright sprang from that grand thought
That "man's a man for a' that,"
Which God's infinite magnet draws
To centers in creation's span,
Unites the mutual weals of men.

How beautiful those themes convey,
His stirring wit and genius found
The moral courage dared to say :
Cast off these yokes in slav'ry bound,
Decrees to which a nation bow'd.
True to their trust, by heav'n's vow'd,
And sealed it with their blood that crown'd,
The free, unspotted represent
Our country's laws omnipotent.

Protects the sacred rights of man—
Ambition of the patriot's pride,
Reveres those principles that burn
In honest hearts, as rule and guide,
On orbits led to victory,
With equal rights to liberty,
Regardless color sect or creed,
A beacon to the world reveals
God's given worth of sovereign wills.

This innate life that freemen find,
On this, God's footstool, where each share
Int'rests beneath that star hath learn'd
The joys of love's peculiar care,
Whose light electrified the earth,
Sprung from modest western worth,
Progression's tireless pioneer,—
Unostentations, placed on fame,
Laurels that bear a Lincoln's name.



ROBERT BURNS.

The whisp'ring winds in mourning breath'd
The death dirge o'er the illustrious dead,
Whose inspiration rights convey'd
'Twixt man and man the vanguard led ;
With rev'rence thrills the human breast,
Esteeming rich, reveres the poor,
As honest men and brothers meet,
His genius breathes the world o'er.

Ascends the highest heights of fame,
There's seen a star, in diadems
Of truth, that bears the poet's name,
Press'd pure from nature's choicest gems,

Tones social circles where the theme
Is taught that generates a cause
That men are lords with God supreme,
To govern universal laws.

His righteous verdict, justice weighs,
Unbalanced on the balance poise.
Those sentiments which love conveys,
The spirit cause mankind rejoice,—
In those melodious songs are sung,
The Goddess' happiest moods unroll,
In soothing strains, poetic sprang,
On bonny Ayr inspired his soul.

The glory of her mission placed
Life, light, and love that crown'd the muse,
Wrapt in Her plaid while hawthorns graced
The fragrant breeze with fresh'ning dews,
'Mongst' groves time honored scenes revives,
Wafts over earth from her retreat,
That ev'ry race and tongue inspires,
With gratitude their grandeur greet.

Those mem'ries from the streamlet rise,
In vows eternal and sublime,
To Highland Mary, love that fires
The youth, and aged with thoughts divine,
Re-echoes on Doon's rippling waves,
From whence this heav'nborn glory runs
To seas, eternity conveys,
The immortal name of Robert Burns.

CALIFORNIA'S PARADISE.

As seen from Piedmont—with compliments to JAMES
MARVIN.

Through Oakland's dales, up winding trails,
There Piedmont's, cosy 'mongst the trees ;
On this plateau, where free inhales,
Pacific's blessing fans her seas,
Here on those rev'rent cloud-cap'd hills,
Uncov'ring kindly greetings pay
The God of light to us unveils
This morning grandeur 'round the bay.

Graybeards in palaces retired,
With health and wealth, wide world renown'd
In perfect peace are satisfied ;
The glory of their efforts found,
In lowing kin rejoice with man,
And men 'neath God's own smiling face,
Bless'd labor with a due return,
Time's honored pleasures now embrace.

The offspring of their vig'rous years,
Among'st the foothills rock'd the child,
Was christned there 'twixt hopes and fears,
Prosperity who zealous toil'd
With mother earth, ne'er yet forgot,
From instinct well her own repays ;
Rockers are steamboats now afloat,
Pride of our rivers and our bays.

This thrifty youth with enterprise,
In science mingling with the world ;
From chemist stacks and vulcan fires,
Past darkness to oblivion hurl'd.
With tyrants' power and fossil'd tools,
No trace have left to curse Oakland ;
'Neath starry emblems o'er her schools,
Imparts the moral lessons learn'd.

Sierra's north'ard timeworn crown,
Whose sparkling snowgems kiss the skies,
From whence the chrystle streamlets run
To valleys, mutual joys arise,
Are welcom'd with a fond good cheer,
Breathed by those modest blooming flow'rs,
Adorns and fills the atmosphere
With fragrance, charms these homes of ours.

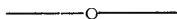
Adds beauty to the rainbow's blue
Arch'd landscape tips the setting sun,
While white-wing'd fleets are passing through
The Golden Gate, majestic come,
With merchandise from ev'ry shore,
Exchange of products merchants greet,
Those jolly tars, the same as yore,
Their trophies lay at Ceres' feet.

Protected safely in her arms,
Are welcom'd as this noble queen
Unfolds the beauty of her charms,
In cereals, fruit, and pastures green ;
This semi-circle surely lends
Enchantment to the artist's dreams,

Where Christian zeal on spires ascend,
Leads noble thoughts to heav'nly themes.

That man's immortal, he'e with time,
Controls the flash of lightning fires,—
Modern art with genius come

Like magic, moves the horseless cars,—
Scenes hallow'd by the warblers' songs ;
Tones sweethearts, mothers, bairns and wives
Well guarded by the angel throngs,
Smiles on this earthly Paradise.



MAY RISE FROM RUBBISH,

To a reformed young friend.

Youth on the river's surface smoothe serene,
Of life are unsuspecting onward borne,
Plucks flow'rs of beauty from the banks between
Those lights and shades where fancy's chan-
nels run,

With passions strong who yet untutor'd reign,
Loves what their pride and manners doth
sustain.

Who, like itself, from thistles have been sown,
Reap wrecks of manhood now indifferent lies,
No hand to raise or friend to sympathize.

Who sees hope springing where the blossoms lay
'Mongst thorny paths where they have care-
less trod,

Along the banks where flow'rs again convey
Life, nature hath so kindly all bestowed,
Protects them from the blighting wintry frost.

Why not again man's sin-bound fetters burst,
In bloom of manhood thank a loving God?

With grateful hearts are open, heavenward
spread,

Like flow'rs from rubbish which lay long as
dead.

Finds life from morning sun, adorns the east,
'That whom all living hails with pure delight,
The welcomed offerings which to them repeat
Real joys of life succeeds the darkest night,
Of troubles, where that reason's rule applies.

By light of God in privilege with Him rise,
Beneath His smiling face, Eternal bright,
Illuminates the soul's unerring guide,
In themes immortal sprang as from the dead.

Are joyous borne across those transient scenes
Of time with heaven's inspirations rose,
Above these lessons bought from youthful
dreams,

Has found a happy home and lives with those
Whose prudent precepts are the balm of life,
Scorneth envy and conquerors of strife,—

Fruition finds here, in this Paradise,
Congenial with their faithful labor done,
And patient waiting found God's kindness come.

DISCONTENTMENT MAN'S NORMAL CONDITION.

Life's first scene a child appears,
Safe in its mothers arms,
Nursing, hopeful impulse cheers,
The living, leading charms,—
Through sorrow's lowest depth conveys,
And highest heights to glory, raise
Him onward to the man's
Estate, bears scenes 'twixt joy and pains,
Chasing shadows he ne'er retains.

In playful years the future's dream,
From pastimes eager glide,
Drifting on to fancy's scene,
Whose eyes their only guide,—
To balls and bats—their cherished joys,
Discard the cart and prattling toys
No more their joy and pride,—
Ambition seeks the furthest prize,
Unseen, unguarded, hope's desire.

Longs to leave his mother's care,
Toward some glimm'ring light ;
Onward borne he reacheth there—
Beyond is one more bright,
Gossip in the rosy bower,

Stops there and plucks the blooming flow'r,
Soon vanished from his sight ;
A moment's beauty bright that cheers,
With rapt'rous joy soon ends in tears.

Youthful pleasures ever gone,
Rewards their efforts bear,
Struggling with the current borne
'Neath their peculiar care ;
Following their own guiding star,
That leads to peace or that of war,
Decrees all mortals share,
Which self-reliant man receives,
The yoke of pain or laureled wreaths.

Prudent zeal sure comforts find,
While yet untutored, toss'd
Through lurid scenes, where mankind's
Confidence many's lost,—
Where vice and virtues side by side,
The latter's seen the former's hid,
Within the treach'rous breast,
Concocting ruin to destroy
Hopes of many a brilliant boy.

Till experience realize,
Important themes are taught,—
Simple rules govern the wise,
So often dearly bought,
E'er learn'd those manly lesson squares
Their daily actions with the years.
Obedient to their trust,

Resolves to battle with the theme,
That life is not an idle dream.

Honest worth bears present care,
And likewise future braves.
Neither man nor devils fear
The coward's boast or knaves.
Impulse that moves the faithful breast,
Must surely reach the summit's crest,
Of honor's boon that craves
The glorious standard of mankind,
Within the Golden Rule's defined.

Wher'er this germ's gen'rous cast,
With years, fruition brings
Golden harvests from the past,--
Comes on the ceaseless wings
That bears to each a recompense,
Improv'd their gift of common sense.
Who unto virtue clings,
Ne'er addeth fuels unto strife,
Nor wounds probe with a polson'd knife.

But to the wounds a balm bestow'd,
These noble souls portray,
Kindness of a loving God ;
His right'ous laws obey.
Imparting charity to all,
As manna bless them on Him call.
Naught else can satisfy
Man's discontent from light's first rays,
Till laid in their reluctant graves.

LIFE'S EBBING TIDE.

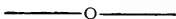
Inscribed to Mr. George Morrow, Sr., Temescal.

Gone with the flood that's turned to ebb,
Youth and vigor have pass'd away,
With time unceasing, onward glide,
We look on wrecks that helpless lay
To leeward scenes recalling joys,
With them as happy girls and boys
When fancy led us prone to stray,
Those genial fellows charmed our lives,
In social ties assunder torn,
With pain have drop'd them one by one.

To youth, how long the space doth seem,
To reach life's limits nature gave,
With age the past is but a dream,
As bubbles bursting on the wave ;
Who rise and fall no more are seen,
On this, our journey lays between,
Flood and low ebb that fills the grave,
With epitaphs of what we've been ;
On bound'ries raised a flowery mound,
A moment's bloom no more is found.

This side the present measur'd link,
Connects the future, with those scenes
Of time, hope bears beyond the brink,
Unto our Sov'reign Lord who leans,

To mercy, home hath call'd His own,
Why name it death? this change unknown,
The faithful's light much brighter seems
As life from faded flow'rs again
Send their sweet fragrance to the skies,
Where resurrected virtues rise.



LIFE AND HOPE.

What's mankind at best but a passing glance,
Controlled, but can't control, as wings of chance
Bears him in song and mourning of to-day,—
But e'er another sun hath passed away,
Who longs for life, the moment satisfies,—
Moves from flow'r to flow'r, as May butterflies
In search of what has never yet been found,—
A happy thought but's mated with a wound.
Still on pursues the dreamland's endless chace,
With zeal enlists the fairest of our race,
In paths of beauty borne with grand display,
When reach'd the golden idols pass'd away;
Beyond our reach again the chase is giv'n,
Fell back to earth, hope still seeks a heav'n,
To which existence clings, believes a land
Awaits, unseen, no reason's rule can find;
But inward throbs no mortals can control
Moves the actions that animate the soul,
While feasting worms caress their lawful prize,
Hope smiles beyond and never, never dies.

TO MY SISTERS IN SCOTLAND.

When I unwind the bygone years
Of time, from mem'ry's roll,
There impulse drives the trick'ling tears
From thoughts those scenes recall.
When kneeling 'round the altar where
Our young hearts together,
Entwined in love when led in pray'r
By a kind old mother.

Trusted to him the secrets borne,
Pure what the heart desires,
Inhales that life flows from his throne,
That mankind's bosom fires
With love who tones the choicest song,
Breath'd in those days of yore,
Music that flow'd from mother's tongue,
I hear the wide world o'er.

Through all the checker'd scenes of life,
Her charms still lead me on,
That bears around the paths of strife,
Whose sweet, harmonious tones,

Echo'ng, doth unerring guide,
Through trials and in pain,
Unwav'ring as the ceaseless tide,—
You'll be my boy again.

Beyond those fleeting years to share,
Away where faith hath seen
Joys answered to that mother's there,—
Where we've united been.
In those pure thoughts to us imparts,
God's promises she gave,
Receiv'd them with reluctant hearts,
Now feel their pow'r to save.

With this she breath'd her Master's theme,
Wafts o'er Atlantic's sea,
To this fair land that rules supreme
With pride, aye, taught to me,
Those scenes beneath the Wallace tree,
Or burns of Ayr burns weal,
Scots glorious spirit led the free,
With patriotic zeal.

Who honors life in ev'ry grade,
Those in their manhood fell,—
Defending freedom, which they paid
Their life at country's call,
Revolves with time within my soul,
Those mem'ries thus sustains,
A cause hath placed on sacred roll,
Eternal truth defends.

A WIDOW'S TEARS.

In Tucson Cemetery.

Tears from the core,
In trick'ling streams,
From scenes of yore,
That mem'ry brings.
His genial smile the soul portrays,
To me those joys of other days.

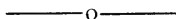
Now cold in death,
The needy's friend
To honors worth,
In rev'rence bend.
'To one whose pulse affection found,
For others' woes lies 'neath this mound.

My favor'd spot
In nightly dreams,
Forget me not,
Past pleasant scenes,
Returns again with joys I share,
Found where he rests thoughts ling'ring there

Brings inward peace,
That ling'ring voice
My sorrows ease,
That bids rejoice.

O'er sever'd ties in mould'ring dust,
Saith God is love and ever just.

Gives us the link,
Connecting binds
Beyond time's brink,
Souls mutual twines,
With joys renewing those of yore,
In tears I ask for nothing more.

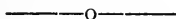


LOVED ONES ARE WAITING FOR ME.

Give me a glimpse as sun in the morning,
Is peeping from eastward, nature to see ;
Dress'd in her robes of beauty adorning,
Pathways to lov'd ones are waiting for me.
'There 'neath the dew drops that sparkles with
bliss,
Falling on carpets that cover the lea,
Pressing the rosebuds who ope with the kiss
Of kindness from those remembering me.
Joyfully fills my life with their blessing,
Borne on the breezes so gently that fall
O'er me, the veil with time that's progressing,
Laden with balm as the life of my soul.
Cheers me along, no anguish nor sorrow,—
No darkness nor gloom to my joys e'er impart
Stings of faithless to me, as the shadow
Passing that absence hath taught to forget.

Gone, and forever, as warm wind that blows ;
Cold wintry torrents roll on to the sea,—
Onward in spring echoes voices of those
Who sleep in the valley, they're waiting for
me.

Press'd in the mirror of time that has led
Me on my journey, till far in the west,
Landscapes so beautiful smile on the dead,
Leadeth me homeward, to them are at rest.
Slumbers in silence that's marked in the dews
Of mem'ry's deep in my bosom preside,
The hope of my future daily renews,
There with them to rest and rise by their side.



ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Whose charms do elevate the minds,
This humane life imparts,
A genial, social joy that finds
What governs gen'rous hearts.
It is the noblest gift of heav'n,
To mankind e'er bestow'd,—
Smiles on death and cheers the living,
Free from the founts of God.

Sun rising with the morning light,
Scattering balm all day,
Setting beneath the shades of night.
Wraps all in harmony.

And marks the highest heights of fame,
A point to honor's due,
That leaves behind a brilliant name,
Fond memories pursue.

With fleeting time can ne'er erase
What'er its germs impress'd,—
Along our journey where we trace
Their home, its precepts bless'd.

Beneath its gentle touch all sees,
And feel within their breast,
The glowing warmth of sympathies,
With those who are distress'd..

And still beyond time's limits bear
To those are truly known,
Who trusted to its special care,
The Father claims His own.

Who takes them kindly to their homes,
As heirs protection claims,
Pure, unalloyed, his chosen ones,
This friendship heav'n sustains.

FAREWELL TO DR. M. S. McMAHAN,
SENIOR WARDEN, F. & A. M.

Adieu's, expression pains the heart,
But pleasant 'tis when we review
Those by-gone scenes to us impart,
The charms of life their joys renew,
Recalling times where oft we met,
Working beneath that mystic light,
Whose law, as brothers, men unite
In virtue, craftsmen's chief delight.

Where harmonious peace prevails,
Each others mutual int'rest brings
Around that altar, life inhales,
Applied by rules the square sustains,
That manly pride rewards beget,
From precepts in that circle twined,
With compasses alike are set,
In justice unto all mankind.

Those emblems which become divine,
Try well the work done by the square,
And see their errors by the line
Plumb'd by the Master's special care,
Whose gavel imperfections break,
And fitteth each a living stone,
Within that house heaven's architect,
Designed His faithful workman's home,

Polish'd and fitted in their place,
 Approv'd and passed by rule sustains,
Secrets we to the fountain trace,
 Where light and love eternal reigns,
Toward this let us still pursue,—
 Add virtue to those mem'ries rise,
With setting sun recalls to you,
 When I to westward cast my eyes.

———O———

COLUMBUS.

— — —

He sought and found a world unknown,
 Reserv'd by God's mysterious law,
Beneath the western horizon,
 By inspiration which he saw,
True to the spirit whisp'ring led,
The anchor weighed, the white wings spread
 Before the eastern winds that blew ;
Those sea nymphs through the foam and spray,
E'er next morn dawn'd, far on their way.

With fearless hope o'er surging space,
 Heav'd on its bosom mountains high ;
He paced the deck while leeward chase,
 Memories as they onward fly,—
A fond adieu to foes and friends,
His Master's cause their course defends ;
 By guardian angels hov'ring nigh,—

Their little fleet that bids good cheer,
Columbus on to westward steer.

Hold to the helm, there's surely homes
Beyond this boundless sea in view,
Brave hearts and true will ride the storms,
Till warblers songs, their hope renews,
Wills only to the tar belongs,
Welcom'd by echoes of the crew's,
Courage, a sea-bound shore's ahead,
Whose hearty cheers in heaven's heard.

A signal's fired to shoreward sped,
Ahoy is heard from Commodore ;
To his brave boatswain heave the lead,—
One fathom, sir, then rowboats low'r.
In Mister's name have here retain'd
Paradise, sanguine hope sustain'd,
In disobedience lost of yore.
The forfeit of perfection doom'd,
As heirs restored have refuge found.

'Neath light on love's foundation stands
On soil where never tyrant trod,
Where truth that's unalloy'd defends,—
Oppress'd lays down their irksome load.
Maria's deck receives the prize,
In hopes none e'er apostacise.
Men in the image of their God,—
Guardian led to this new world,
The banner of the free's unfurl'd.

MARY IN HEAVEN.

Unmeasured joys that mem'ry brings,
Are limitless as wind that blows,—
I find them 'neath the angel wings
That bears me to her calm repose.

No marble token marks the scene,
Nor leafless trees of winter mourns,
Nor blighted hopes to intervene,
'Twixt there and her, now heav'n adorns.

Impress'd our parting lispless kiss,
In token of eternal love,—
To meet again in happy bliss,
With her I know's in realms above.

The morning's songsters lead me there,
Returning with their songs renew,
Scenes fresh as in the days of yore,
Whispering, Pa, I wait for you.

The crimson sky to me portrays
Her beauty in the setting sun's
Last, parting glimpse a smile conveys,
Hope to my soul says follow on.

Through changing scenes led day by day,
'Neath noonday's sun or darkest night,
Of gloom when friends their love betray,
Her thoughts are still my soul's delight.

Enraptur'd here, together cleft,
In charms through life, in trouble driv'n,
O'er storms of earth, the beacon light,
She holds it at the throne of heav'n.



A POOR ORPHAN'S FUNERAL.

On a cold winter day in Iowa.

Death's messenger on hither hies,
Who hath his victim found,—
Borne with the snowflake's drifting flies,
Cold, chilly winter, doomed,
The helpless orphan for the prize
Was nip'd e'er she had bloom'd,—
Follows the mother, mould'ring lies
In yonder burying ground.

Relentless storms of life are o'er,
Anguish she bitter shared,
Whose silent teardrops drop no more,
That rending grief convey'd
Expressions of the inward core ;
Relieved from pain survives
Life's trials, her and mother bore,
Entombed together lies.

THE SUNBEAMS.

Written to my wife at the sixth death of our children.

You see them gath'ring 'round the throne,
Pure as the angels, God's delight,
His little children bids them come,
On sunbeams soaring in the light.
To his embrace have reach'd their home,
Now smiles on you here on the earth
In whisp'ring tones, why should you mourn?
We've joys you taught us from our birth.
Now leadeth you toward the prize,
Upon those rays connects the span,
With darkness falls and light arise,
To realms of bliss, none e'er return.
Come to us, darlings, six are thine,
Our welcome greets you everywhere.
Borne on the fleeting wings of time,
In bonds of love's peculiar care.
You see us in the blooming fields,
Who with the ripening summer rise.
From blossoms springtime's beauty yields,
The sunbeams beareth to the skies,
And onward with those genial rays,
That soar from earth with lov'd ones gone,
To follow on your bosom heaves
To meet us, beck'ning Ma to come.

ODE TO THE SPRING.

We hail thy genial southern winds,—
Bids all living fond good cheer,
'Neath smiles of youthful bloom that brings
Joys, pregnate the atmosphere.

Old mother's timeworn bosom heaves,
Fondly kissing April's sun's
Warm kindness wove in mutual wreathes,
Hills and valleys her adorns.

The shepards' inmost souls rejoice,
Seeing frisky lambkins play,
While bleating dams their voices raise,—
Grateful o'er rich pastures stray.

List'ning to feath'ry warblers' songs,
Rising from the leafy trees,
Charms cheeping chirpies free from storms,—
Longs to mount the summer breeze.

With little tiny rosebuds hid,
Peeping through the crystal dues,
Inhaling strength their leaves to spread
Fragrance, which Thy love renews.

So gen'rous, graceful, to me bring
Whisp'rings near my heart doth say—
God christen'd you the bonny spring,
Prelude to heav'n leads the way.

In precepts lessons learn to cheer,
Pure that springs from modest worth,
Life, truth, and love, the fairest fair,
Falls and rise again from earth.

GOOD 'TEMPLARS' SATURDAY NIGHT.

'Round the social circles join,
Mirthful, sprightly hearts and hands,
Aged and youthful, how sublime,
Happiness in temp'rance finds.

CHORUS—Never weary, ever cheery,
When our weekly toil is done ;
Lads and lassies see them rally,
With the old unite as one.

Lassies charm the laddies' hearts,
Mothers glad their bairns to see,
Honor'd sires explain the parts
Of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Long may these mottoes bind us
Closer, while we older grow,
'Till all shall join the chorus,
Making this a heav'n below.

As light sep'rates from darkness,
So let old time habits fall,—
Rising free, taste with gladness,
Joys illuminate the soul.

Hope is the anchor given,
Charity to all mankind,
Faith leads without reflection,—
Those who seek these comforts find.

FRED WARNER'S NEW YEAR.

With joy, all hail the New Year's sun,
When rising o'er the free ;
A welcome comes with her return,
Bound for eternity.

On records past the dies hath cast.
To unseen future runs,--
Let's mend our faults and let our trust
Be in the Goddess' arms.

To you amongst the favor'd few,
Beneath her winning smile,--
She will again past joys renew,
In good, old fashion'd style.
When wit and song was manhood's pride.
That fill'd the social strains,
Then age and virtue side by side,
Fired youth's ambitious veins.

Those pleasant times your steps retrace,
While fires of life grow dim,
She'd find some comfort suits your case
And keep you, aye, in trim.

Who ne'er forgets the gen'rous brave,
On them choice blessings strew,—
To whom receiv'd as freely gave,
Will aye, remember you.

Soul's fill'd with love, her cherish'd theme,
Where'er that mortals dwell,
Beneath her wings o'er every clime,
They are protected well,
Aye, kindly cared for as her own,
Congenial, social hearts,
Desires for peace who glides along,
In precepts joy imparts.

Hope, rising brightly in the east,
Cause grateful feelings burn ;
Who brings a clean, unspotted sheet,
To virtue all may turn ;
Forgiveness on the records seal'd,
Gone with the bygone year,
Lessons learn'd that time's reveal'd,—
Let's keep this clean and pure.

Till your last earthly sands are run,
The pendulum in your breast
Is stop'd, a good man's labor's done,
And gently laid at rest.
With joyful pleasure made the best
Of what came ev'ry day,—
Ne'er kept revenge within your breast,
Or needy turn'd away.

THE MIRAGE OF LIFE.,

The mirage sanguine hopes sustain,
Mankind, while they their course pursue,
'Mongst phantom scenes 'twixt joy and pain,
Enchanted distance fills the view.

Of nature's panorama's scene,
Where fleeting visions doth adorn,
There fancied charms to us are seen,
When reach'd the spot as shadows flown.

Leads us along in youthful pride,
Unmeasur'd prospects brightest seem,
'Mongst present joys to future glide,
The whole unveil'd is but a dream,

Borne on the wings of endless space,
Joys we have pass'd, no more are seen ;
Still longing sighs our mem'ries trace,
Those vanish'd pleasures from the scene.

Gems dearly lov'd, in thoughts sublime,
To us congenial, all erased,—
A glimpse us borne on wings of time,
We weary o'er the deserts chased.

Toward the end of measur'd years,
Sands of our life are well nigh run,
A mirage ever still appears,
Away beneath the setting sun.

The desert's crossed, still ling'ring themes,
Follows that light our journey led,
Hope hoping still for happy scenes
Beyond the city of the dead.

MURPHY'S GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

Happy's the father and mother where young,
With love unto all and malice to none,—
The God giv'n gift to the faithful belong,
Brings balm to the soul that's honor'd at home
Where reason doth guide and prudence sustains,
Those principles pure instill'd in the youth,
God fanneth with help to friendship that reigns,
Matureth in age the lovers of truth.
Beaming with joy are crown'd with the wreaths
Of virtue's reward, obedience find,
On wings of progression's future that bears
Light comes with the morning leaves darkness
behind.
Where oft we have sip'd and deeply have dip'd,
In bowls breeding mis'ry, follies of yore,
With genial fellows, while mothers have wept
For husbands and sons, tears press'd from the
core.
Dishonor'd, by social circles had flung,
Distinction of rank on the balance's weigh,
Receipts bear the sweat of labor that's wrung
From beautiful manhood falls by the way.
Longing for Murphy's to render the strain,
Riseth to heav'n on wings of the dove,
Returning to wives and bairns who rejoin,
Happiness borne by their message of love.



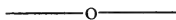
MY IDOL ANGEL.

Whose beauty's streak'd with silv'ry gray,
The brow God's chosen works adorn,—
Language that her pure thoughts convey,
His living ripen'd virtue's borne,
Illuminates my soul that feels
The joyous impulse heavings swell,
Around my heart fair fancy steals,
Whisp'ring charms I dare na tell.

The secret of my cherish'd themes,
Led by her vision night or day,
Joy gilds the edge of fleeting times,
Guardian phantoms cheers the way,
In gait and manners thoughts arise,
'Neath smiles serene with beaming joy,
Tones my most inward heart's desire,
That tells of love without alloy.

Those modest locks so graceful hang,
In truthful lines whereby we trace,
Perfection's mold the model flung
On earth, the fairest of her race;
Congenial kind where'er she moves,
As manna doth harmonious fall
In circles that humanely proves,
A social soul's belov'd by all.

My charm that holds the living prize,
In mutual rapture there be found
'Through life, and resurrected rise,
To share those wreaths that virtue crown'd.
Alas, how vain, we should retain,
Schemes borne 'neath fate—relentless foe,
To prudent hopes, but addeth pain
To disappointments—bitter woe.



IS THERE NO BALM FOR THE SOUL?

[Mr. Newton, of Holiness Band fame, remarked in one of his discourses in Phoenix, A. T., that settlers on this coast were runaways from justice. Not being interested, I quietly walked out, when he called after me, more would want to leave before he got through.]

O, where's the healing balm that comes
From Bethlehem's guiding star?
Light for the lost Pacific scums,
Thy servant says we are.
In mercy, Thou, who rules supreme,
Whose righteous judgement is the theme,
To heal sins, wounded scar,
Lord, shine on us, and kindly deal,—
Place us at par and wish us weal.

There is Thy servant bold and strong,
To nurse Thy feeble lambs,
Who never yet did aught was wrong,
Perfection's holy bands.
Self-right'ous passions satisfies,
What reason's radiant rules despise,
'Neath Thy bright light that burns ;
Leading hearts with joy Thou'st giv'n,
On peaceful pathways reacheth heav'n.

Lord, well Thou know'st how helpless we,
Far from Thy precept strays,
Thy servant all our faults can see,
Like old time Pharisees.
When faulty woman stood alone,
Accusers dare not throw one stone,—
Invited there by Thee ;
This lesson let Thy servants learn,
Best their own weakness first discern.

Then they're approaching to their God,
When each can bless their foe,
And kindly ease their neighbor's load,
With help they can bestow,
Needs nothing more or nothing less,
Than what is given each to bless
Mankind, doth freely flow
From precepts of our Christ that came,
Then Newton's kind will hide in shame.

LOVELY NELL.

Ling'ring far across the sea,
My thoughts on mem'ries dwell,
Those happy days come to me,
Were spent with lovely Nell.

When blythely on the new mown swards,
The glooming graceful flung,
Their soothing shades as sleeping birds,
Songs still echoing rang.

O'er hills and dales when trustfully
Our hearts both warm and light,
There in her plaid, wrap'd cosily,
We'd spent the summer night.

Those fleeting hours in this pure bliss,
I never can forget,—
The sweetness of her maiden kiss
'Neath smiles—I see them yet.

On crimson cheeks in lilies set,
White as the drifting snaw,
Those scenes still 'round my soul are cleft,
Though I've been long awa.

And often wonder since Lang Syne,
In thoughts 'twixt joy and pain,
When we have cross'd the river Time,
If I'll meet Nell again.

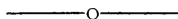
When worldly cares no more are told,
Pure joy to us conveys,
Within heaven's gates ajar unfold
Again those happy days.

ILLUSTRIOUS SPURGEON DECEASED .

We mourn for him gone, who true to his trust,
Sounded the slogan to millions while lost,
Return, O, return, with gladness was heard,—
Come to the feast of his Master and Lord,
Supplies of rich manna so freely he gave
Strength to the feeble and courage to the brave,
Hope to the hopeless and sight to the blind,—
Saw their loving Savior's promise and found,
A friend to lowly and weary this rest,
Filleth the faithful with joy in the breast,
Flows from the fountain that never runs low,
For penitents balm doth freely bestow
Assurance to doubting and freedom to those,
Burst bondage of sin who have conquer'd their
foes,

Smile on the christian precepts that came,
Sheltering orphans and widows the same.
Virtue to prudent in harmony reigns,
Fruit of his teaching all living sustains ,
Wafts free with the winds on the aerial wings,
Those rich laden treasures joyfulness brings ;
The comforts of hope enraptures the soul,
With foretastes of heav'n uniting the whole,
In grateful emotions to him bore the light,—
A star in the firmament never will set,

Till dreeping of Calvary's blood shall restore
 Mankind to their God, the banner he bore,—
 Now sleeps in its folds till trumpets shall sound
 The revile's call—come home and be crown'd.



NELLIE I SPARK'D ON THE GREEN.

Sweet as the rose and white as the lily,
 Nothing lovely to her could impart,—
 Graceful perfection, beautified Nellie,
 Joy of my youth and queen of my heart.

Expressions of love's innocence beaming,
 Pure as sunlight her bonny blue e'en
 Sparkl'd all day with hope till the evening,
 Happy with Nellie spark'd on the green.

Closely and fondly there wrap'd in her plaid,
 Shades of the eve'ning was breathing their
 charms

Uniting our hearts in dreamland still leads
 Me to the spot with Nell in my arms.

Present and future link'd like a vision,
 Seal'd with affections, sweet little now,
 Raptures of love there wove in my bosom—
 Light of my life, aye, prov'd to me true.

Wher'er that fortune or fate casts my lot,
 Grandeur adorns those fanciful scenes—
 The pleasures of youth surrounding the spot,
 Faultless young Nellie's there in my drames.

WHY SHOULD NOT THE SPIRIT OF MORTALS BE PROUD?

Why should not the spirit of mortals be proud?
Lords of the earth in the image of God,
Who breath'd in their nostrils life from the
 womb,
Whose hope is eternal smiles on the tomb.

From springtime's youthful ambitions began,
To long for that glory's destined to man;
Surrounded by joys finds fame and renown,
The prize he has reached by merit that won.

Laurels e'er yet in meridian's prime,
Surveys this Paradise bounded by time,
Pleasures and treasures the present receives,
With fruitful fruition futurity weaves.

Joys are recorded on wings of the past,
'That's borne us along from east to the west.
Reviewing the grandeur that mem'ry's seal'd
'Neath the arch of the rainbow's promises fill'd.

Seasons of harmony where we do find,
The earth restoring to all of its kind,

Rewards for their works by which they are
 bless'd.

With bountiful homes and quietness of rest.

Poor, rich, and weary, drink at the same springs
And also the peasants, as do the kings ;
Contentment's the secret balm that is known.
For happiness breathing life of same sun.

Lighteth same pathways with warmth to main-
 tain

Fruit with same summers filleth the grain,
That's garner'd with eare by farmers for all's,—
Happy's the Princes in banqueting halls.

With wines and with songs that bear the refrain
Charms which their glory and comforts sustain,
While poorest find joy inhal'd on the breeze,
Pure from the dewdrops distill'd on the leaves.

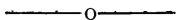
Wafts o'er the earth on the life given wings,
Hail'd by the linnets melodious sings,
Songs of the morning so gracefully rise,
With notes of rejoicings borne to the skies.

Echoes returning soothe sorrows who bear
The wrinkles of aged and tears of the fair,
That's press'd from faith doth silently fall,
Bath'd in forgiveness, the balm af the soul.

Gathered from love freely flows from the core,
With virtues that rise on ruins of yore,
Remodel'd in truth that's borne on the waves,
By sea and by land cheers all to their graves.

Weary and worn on our journey are led,
With kindness of friends who pillows our head,
Nearing the portals our labors all done,
The hands of the angels beckon us home.

There on the beautiful banks of the shore,
Lov'd ones are waiting to welcome us o'er;
From death unto life's pure image of God,
Who calls us His heirs, O, why not be proud?



AN APPEAL TO THE STILLWORM.

O, selfish worm had I the pow'r,
Or influence that you possess,
No barefoot bairns this wide world o'er,
Would hide beneath a ragged dress,—
Nor shame befall the blotted drags
Of manhood drinks the cup of woe,
Whose nerveless pulse with pity begs,
From Thou, his master and his foe.

No mother's tears from bleeding hearts
Would wet the cheeks with grief who mourn,
For lov'd ones caus'd those silv'ry streaks
Untimely on fair brows are worn,
From wounds that crush'd the inward core,
By those the nestled in their arms,—
The pride of home to manhood bore,
Now drag'd, degraded through the slums.

No iron bars would guard the cage,
Prevents the tots from kissing Pa,
Nor phantoms in their wildness rage,
Delirious on those bairns would fa,
Lisp'd their sweet pray'rs God him might bless,
With what they've neither felt or saw ;
One smile to soothe their heart's distress,
That's chill'd 'neath winter's blasts that blow

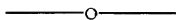
Nor hear heart rending, piteous cries
Of orphans cast upon the earth,—
A cruel, selfish world dispise,
The progeny that gave them birth.
Poor, wand'ring waifs with cringing fear,
Shrinks from mankind with innate sham,
Whose trembling voice and trickling tear,
Expresseth wants they dare na name.

Nor heated passions overrate
The boundaries of prudent hope,
Results that find the hangman's fate,
By their own weight have stretch'd a rope,
Ends their last earthly sands are run,
But not the end of bitter strife,
Whose helpless offsprings left to mourn,
And shame befalls a murd'ers wife.

Nor hear the sobs of angels weep,
Hov'ring o'er the prison walls,
Of their own sex refrains to keep
Record of vice inhumane falls,

From heaven's decree, a husband's pride,
Bright as the polish'd emerald stone,
Thy lurid charms decoy'd the bride,
Whose ruin wreck'd a happy home.

Thou'd stop this mad and wild career,
So long thy fellow worm's oppress'd,
Let them breathe God's pure atmosphere
And drink from springs that he has bless'd,
Then wives in dresses neat and braw,
And sparkling eens proud of their names,
Whose lisping pray'rs hath bless'd them au,
Dance on Pa's knee in happy homes.



WATCHING AN OLD YEAR OUT AND NEW IN.

Old year I'm loth to say adieu,
And swap an old friend for a new,
But long's I live I'll think of you,—
 'Twixt joy and pain,
A lot that's to all mortals due,
 O'er earth's domain.

You bore me on your arial wings,
With presidents, princes, lords and kings,
Like me whose doom'd existence hangs
 Upon a thread,
Till thy successor's pend'lum rings,—
 Another's dead.

And gone with thee at winter's call,
While whiten'd weeds the valleys fill,
And sighing winds their plaintiff wail,
 From o'er the sea,
'Mongst shivering trees with icy chill,
 All mourns for thee.

Genial friend, e'en like a brother,
We journey'd on our course together,
Thy full storehouse open ever,
 With daily bread,
To all your genrous hand deliver'd,
 In time o' need.

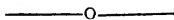
Lean'd close to mortals, fortune snag'd,
Drifting was beach'd while anchors drag'd,
In storms of darkness were befog'd,—
 Drunk or sober,
On your wings that never lag'd,
 Pack'd them o'er.

And those who bore from other years,
Troubles you dried their bitter tears,
With kindness cured all doubts and fears,
 With their last breath,
Drop'd their weary load of cares,
 Back to the earth.

With time's keen whittle nick'd the horn,
Used e'er that you or I was born,
'To blast man's hopes caused millions mourn,
 Poor, low and great,
Without respect friends from us torn
 By fickle fate.

Mis'ry where its course is bent,
Unseen, no mortals can prevent ;
Thy antedote, aye, freely lent
 With special care,
For happiness and sweet content,
 Closed thy career.

•



TUCSON—SAN AUGUSTINE—GRAND
FIESTA.

—

What rustling, bustling—not a spot
Of standing room, or vacant lot,
For arts or relics here was brought,
 Direct from Spain,
Of world's wonders almost forgot,
 Revived again.

Our ancient pueblo all men hails
Whose love and beauty never fails
In drawing crowds by carts and rails,
 With busts and bustles—
A mingling mess in song and tales,
 With well wet whistles.

Natives on their rawhides screeching
Same old tune suits joy or weeping,

Put old Moses soundly sleeping,
On Sinai's range,
Still sends chills o'er mortals creeping
Without a change.

Excited French uneasy sits,
While stalwart Dutchman lager sips,
The English tongue's the boast of wits,
O'er creation,
Yank guesses, bets, and calculates,—
In speculation.

Whose tickling straws have something new,
That's known to but a favor'd few,
Rais'd 'neath some spot the eagle flew
Away down east,
O'er basswood trees where nutmegs grew
Trim'd with puff paste.

Breathes smoothly, confidential trust,
Schemes whose secrets make or burst,
Slyly whisp'ring, you're the first,—
My strike I've told,
Tenderfoot receives the rust
And they the gold,

Youth and aged, fools and the wise,
Lame and athletes on trapeze,
With senoritas thick as bees,
Whose beaming eyes,
Capture beaus amongst the boys
With graceful ease.

Woman's charms they long have stood,
Surviving storms of Noah's flood,
As Jacob by Ma's crafty mood
 Got Esau's blessing,
Exemplified by Paddy Wood,*
 His neighbors fleecing.

Who loveth all but ne'er the core,
The secrets now as days of yore,
Chance the excited charms adore—
 Theft is no shame,
All buck to win and nothing more,—
 Deceit 's the game.

These social times that banish care,
Where jovial souls have joys to share,
No thirsty weary body's there
 Where boss Levine
Rules supreme, that's bless'd with pray'rs
 Of San Augustine.

* A faro dealer.

EPISTLE TO J. B.

My Montezuma friend—Written when not expected to
live long, but, thank God, is now living and well.

Your neighbor's pride among the hills,
Whose gratitude with rev'rence fills,
Weeping eyes with trickling rills
On cheeks appear,
Who realize the grip that chills,
Life's blood's so near.

Has borne your light across earth's span,
A pattern after God's own plan,
Unerring guides hath led the van
Congenial flood
In veins—a sympathy for man,
Aye, free bestow'd.

From impulse in your breast doth bear
Weals and the woes with others share,
Hath nurs'd with tenderness and care
The mental wound,—
A balm that healeth mortals here,
That's seldom found.

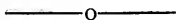
Pure which with your existence came,
Infinitude first breathe your name,
And lit the soul with truths proclaim,
True to your God.
And man in precepts leads the fame
Wher'er you've trod.

A journey virtue scattered seeds,
Seen here and there from kindly deeds,

Marks well the course where honor leads
Toward the borne,
Shall bloom with time that propagates
Your name when gone.

Whose echo's through these hills shall ring
In tones wafts from the virgin spring,
On mem'ry's wings with joy shall bring
Those happy scenes,
While joyful children's birds shall sing
Your cherish'd themes.

Who found a ready helping hand,
Unbias'd justice would defend,
Ne'er turn'd your back upon a friend,
Nor truth betray'd,
Virtue's which with the gen'rous blend,
Shall mark your head,



A VISIT TO A MODERN EDEN.

Written with compliments to my Denverton friend,
DR. S. K. N.

The rising sun adorn'd the east,
Puts life and besom in the beast,
And gratitude within the breast,
Who reasons find,
From light discern'd that which was best
To suit their kind.

I in that lovely garden stray'd,
The harmony of all survey'd,
While flow'rs in beauty's best array'd
The cooing dove,—
She mourn'd for those who disobey'd
The God of love,

A living gem supremely reigned,
Whose graceful model charmed mankind,—
Heaven's grandest effort well design'd
For happiness,
In form and face fill'd soul and mind
With perfect bliss.

I, pond'ring o'er these scenes beguil'd,
'Neath winning ways, who softly smiled,
Expressions of her thoughts unveil'd
To me what seem'd,
The charms of life I there beheld,
Oft fancy dream'd.

Forbidden fruit was always best,
Where strategy's called to the test,
That smiles on troubles, soothes the breast,
From risks that run
The gauntlet, findeth peaceful rest
Successful won.

The weals and woes escapeth none,
Since we our race on earth begun,
And love the impulse moved the man
Born of woman,—

In peace and war hath led the van,
 'Tis weak, but human.

Lukewarm that leans to rules as binding,
Hath no joys that 's worth the finding,
Lifeless with the current dripping
 Of pleasures shorn,—
Spend their time in troubles grinding
 Their neighbor's corn.

Joys of life's not brought by measure,
Worldly wealth or indolent leisure,
But he whose soul hath found the pleasure
 Within the arms
Of love's free flowing, hidden treasure,
 Bears woman's charms

'Tis not in gait or in the skin's
Whiteness 'tis the expression finds,
The impulse bears the woof that spins
 Life's purest gems,
Congenial, mutual thought entwines
 These diadems.

In worldly ways same course is run,
Now as when Adam first begun,—
An innate charm by will that's borne,
 Defiant rules,
From laws are universal known,—
 Not taught in schools.

Bears us along the mystic race,
Wher eby the truthful wins the chase,

Rich, blind and poor all find a place
Where each admire,—
While old finds comfort suits their case,
With little fire.
Tottering on toward the brink,
Renews joys in their hearts to think
How they used to play and jink,
In days of yore,—
Now weary, worn, and soon must sink
To rise no more.



THE END.





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